

DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM

JANCEMBER / DECEMBUARY 2005



Atmosphere The Beta Band Christopher Bissonnette Bontempi **The Book of Lists** Francoiz Breut **Caribou** Cuff the Duke **Dandi Wind's European Tour Diary** Luke Doucet **Gang of Four** Great Lake Swimmers **Foster Kare** Gwen Stefani **Rachel's** The Kills The Knitters The Magic Numbers **Luke Meat's Best of 2005** M.I.A. The Nederbietels Old Soul The Parallels **Mr. Plow** P.O.S. The Priscillas Propaghandi Stars Thurston Revival Neil Young

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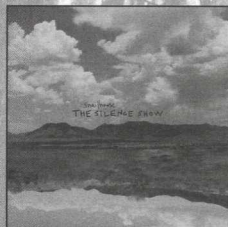
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(Load)

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PINK MOUNTAINTOPS
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DISCORDER

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Perpetually Imminent Disaster

Dear Discorder readers and contributors,

By the time you read this Discorder will be left in the capable hands of incoming editor David Ravensbergen and I will be free!

Last month I told you what I'd miss about being Discorder editor: the long production nights, where contributors and staff challenge the limits of human endurance and caffeine consumption. Since then, I've realized that I don't have to forgo my favorite parts of Discorder. I can ignore the magazine all month only to show up and make myself useful. And, if Dave's reign is anything like my own, the Discorder kids will be happy to use a little help. This is a thinly veiled encouragement to contributors—production is fun! A grueling sort of fun, granted. But if you become involved, you have the chance to learn things UBC won't otherwise teach you. Overall, I'd say I'm stronger for the experience (so much so that I suspect I'm actually immortal and can only be killed by wooden stakes).

Over the last two years, I've depended on a handful of people. At the risk of my last installment sounding like something from a twelfth-grade yearbook, I'd like to thank the all the people who worked on staff with me, including Susy Webb, Graeme Worthy, Dale Davies, Dory Karmfeld, Jason Bennet and Caroline Walker. I offer an equal measure of gratitude and apology to those who supported or just put up me with me, and to anyone's whose name I misspelled (though as Dave has proved, it does you no lasting harm).

Here's lookin' to the future,



Kat Siddle

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THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9FM

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Notes to this issue:

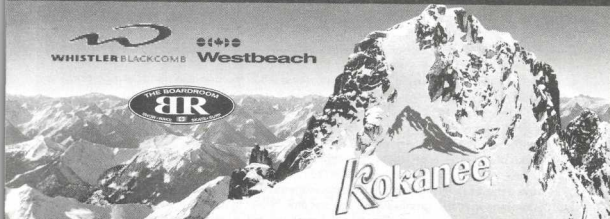
Feature titles, Bell (bold). Subheads and bylines Sabon (occasionally bold). Regular titles, Bernhard (bold condensed). Body font, Century Gothic 7pt. Cover by Alanna Scott, who is not Allison Scott, but she does have a sister named that. Thanks to Phieu Tran, who was especially rad this month. Nicole Ondre, who never fails to impress. Zoë Alexander, who is very helpful. Julia Monks, who is very easy to work with. Mark Hall-Patch, who is very talented, and excellent with colour. And Nathan Matthews, who likes sailors, and penguins and bikes and moustaches and drew the calendar. And Caroline Walker. This issue wasn't me it was all of you. Thank you all.

Sincerely, Graeme.

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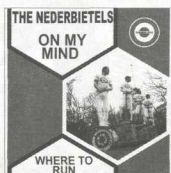
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Riff Raff



Well, another year down, and more resolutions to make. If you make any deals with yourself to lose weight, stop smoking, or spend more time with friends, you can forget all that 'cuz vinyl is your only friend, bub, and the turntable is the only thing that'll be smokin' after you get done spinning all this great wax I get to tell you about!



The **Nederbietsels** will have shaved a few pounds of Christmas turkey off you when you plant this platter down—this is Eurobeat that moves the feet! The Dutch foursome rescue you from the throes of cryptophony with a crackling, fuzz-laden stomper in "On My Mind", a track that

benefits from **Beatles**-like harmonies while busting out some **Pretty Things** R&B rawness. The flip "Where To Run" is a nod to their predecessors **The Haigs**, whose 1966 "hit" gave us some gnarly **Outsiders**-influenced guitar work stampeding alongside frantic **Who** stickwork. Stick a fork in this one, kids: by all accounts this is well done! (Screaming Apple Records, www.screaming-apple-records.de).



The **Priscillas** are four Christmas firecrackers with a new single in tow, ready to battle gun-toting grannies on "All My Friends Are Zombies", and send lustful love letters to potential suitors on "Should Be Me." These la-la-la-la-la London girls can be best described as **The Headcoates** lunging headfirst into 1977 on the former, and **The**

Silts beating up the **Shangri-Las** on the latter. Best served after dinner while the kids are tucked away, **The Priscillas** promise a garage-punk party that'll have even the stuffiest of houseguests on the floor or at the very least on the dinner table, kickin', screamin' and having a ball! These ladies are full of surprises and will snap, crackle and pop their way into your heart! (Damaged Goods Records, www.damagedgoods.co.uk).



With all that racket, you're bound to get a visit from your nosy neighbours, and if they happen to be **The Kills**, you better invite them in, or they'll plug in and rock out right on the front lawn! All that fussin' and moanin' you kept hearing from across the way, what sounded like the ghost of **Howlin'**

Wolf meeting **Suicide** in a dark alley—that was **Hotel** and **VV** with their newest and freshest batch of blues punk, baked up hot and juicy just in time for the holidays! And they're comin' over to your house to make nice and celebrate! "No Wow," the title track from their full length opus, slithers and slides onto this latest seven-inch, but it's the other cut, "Half of Us," that calls for the most Christmas cheer; this new track is all shiny like the gold foil it's wrapped in. Sonically satisfying, this isn't the same ol' fruit cake you get from these two year after year; in fact, this takes the trademark digital drum beats, **Hotel's** scratchy angular guitar and **VV's** seductive tones and puts a **Wire**-like twist on a tried and true recipe. Hmmm, with a little eggnog this goes down smooth and sweet, a post-punk treat for your tastebuds. (Domino Records, www.dominorecordco.com)

Hey everybody, thanks for reading about another year's worth of great tunes for your listening and buying pleasure. Have a cool Yule and we'll have some new tricks in 2006!



Strut Fret and Flicker

First off, a standing ovation for Flick Harrison, who covered this space in my absence with such wit, wisdom and style. And don't worry, I won't be muttering about dimly-lit courtyards in Budapest that lead to theatres in converted tango bars where avant-garde Dutch troupes perform absurdist comedies in German. That would be so preferential. Maybe some other time. For now, I'm back and keeping it local.

Still vibrating with jetlag, I went to the Firehall Arts Centre to catch the remount of **A Fabulous Disaster**. With its forest fires, gay marriage, gay divorce, eco-activism and a character who says "eh" a lot, it was so Canadian. Created and performed by **Denise Clarke** of Calgary theatre troupe One Yellow Rabbit, the piece is a slippery hybrid of show-and-tell, theatre and confessional monologue propelled by an implausibly loopy tale: Lesbian grieving over recent divorce heads for the trees and plunks herself in the path of a raging forest fire, all the while tending about the imperilled animals and sharing tender memories of her ex-wife and a long-ago boyfriend who lost a testicle to cancer and wandered into the wilderness to die. That this tragicomic scenario should have been so compelling is down to Ms. Clarke and her winning ways. She sketches a character in broad strokes, but then shocks you with detail. And you really come to care about this endearing little dyke who was so hokey, yet so literate.

Like so many seasoned artists heading for diva-hood, Clarke doesn't so much disappear

into her creations as speak through them, and she isn't shy about using her solo work to air whatever she's been pondering lately—though you had to wonder what that might be when, at the end, her wounded but relentlessly upbeat protagonist strips off and heads into the fire. In a diffuse way, it all felt very meaningful—more like an attempt at purification than suicide.

Props must also be given to video editor Richard McDowell for his tiny square of flame projected onto the upstage wall. It slowly and ominously grew into a conflagration in lock step with the dramatic tension.

When a locally shot television series lets Vancouver play itself and lists bands like Pink Mountaintops, Broken Social Scene, Stars, The New Pornographers and Ladies and Gentlemen on its soundtrack, I slow down to have a look. Too bad that after viewing the pilot episode, I feel inclined to give it a mauling. Subsequent instalments might be better, but there would have to be a complete 180 in terms of writing and tone, which seems unlikely.

This Space for Rent concerns itself with five friends in their mid-to-late twenties who live downtown and are busy coming of age. Three of them share a flat on the Downtown Eastside (how gritty of them!) which appears to be on the roof of the Grand Union pub, since they have such a splendid view of Save-On Meats' iconic flying pig. They are university graduates who aspire to success

and affluence in the very world they profess to disdain, yet go all whiney when their vague value systems are compromised by things like articling in a law firm or serving soy lattes. It's hard to identify and equally hard to laugh, as the "comedy" is so lame. As the press kit makes clear, the project takes itself way too seriously to be genre parody.

If, as the gush can't stress enough, the city and characters are metaphors for one another ("Vancouver is the embodiment of that golden age between youth and adulthood where possibilities are endless"), then heaven help Vancouver. The poor burg has had enough abuse from developers without being saddled with an anthropomorphized adolescence. The series has both profile and funding. A co-production in association with the CBC, it's directed by Scott Smith (of *Rollercoaster* and *Falling Angels* fame) and the actors all have fairly beefy C.V.'s. The creators acknowledge Wes Anderson, Jim Jarmusch, Gus Van Sant et al. as "cultural reference points," but there's no trace of such inspiration in their own product. It's about as true to young urban adulthood as that glossy brochure currently flagging the "Woodwards District" is to the Downtown Eastside. But by all means, watch it. If it's "as much about the city of Vancouver as it is about anything else," then it might be the perfect prod for getting out of town more often. Just remember to load all those bands into your iPod.

This Space for Rent premieres Wednesday, January 4 @ 9pm on CBC TV.



by Penelope Mulligan

THE PLUGHOLE

It's hard to think of another arts festival that's had as much bionic growth in a short existence as **PuSh**. This international performing arts fest has been bringing in theatre and dance companies (and this year, musicians) from major cultural centres as well as showcasing local innovators since 2002. A handful of performances four years ago has grown to 61 this year, and the best part is that there has been no compromise—corporate or artistic. This thing is flying on its own juice.

If you fancy a puppet show featuring "Famous Puppet Death Scenes," a local provocateur called "Sexual Practices of the Japanese" or perhaps a UK company's exposure of the Glasgow drag scene in "Sisters, Such Devoted Sisters," then this is your manna. There will be an exploration of the dawn of cinema in "Studies in Motion: The Hauntings of Edward Muiybridge," and a trippy immersion in all things northern when the Kronos Quartet and Inuit throat singer Tanya Tagaq collaborate in "Nunavut." There's so much more, so pick up a brochure or visit www.pushfestival.ca.

The 2006 **PuSh International Performing Arts Festival** runs from January 10 to February 12 at various venues around Vancouver.

Mix Tape

by Mike LaPointe

My 2005 began as a paddy wagon tore down a slushy street in Hamilton, Ontario. The kids who had been standing idly on the road began to run, slipping on black ice and scrambling over snowbanks, most of them clutching cases of beer to their chests in fear. My friends and I stood watching the scene, looking at our watches as the countdown passed unannounced, and it seemed then like this year might not be so great.

But I can't speak for everyone. The next morning, as I sat in a Tim Horton's with a precious cup of black coffee, people regaled each other in wondrous New Years Eve tales. Stories of balloons and party hats and confetti everywhere, all the time, with midnight kisses and genuine resolutions. They seemed, on January 1st, truly happy that 2005 had come to replace 2004, a year so unremarkable that no one could honestly name one thing that happened during it.

So I can only assume that a few of you reading this have had a good year. Possibly even a great year. Maybe you finally lost those five pounds

you promised to. Maybe you finally told that pretty girl that you liked her shoes. Maybe you won the lottery. Maybe you won it twice.

But I can also assume that some of you have gone the other route. Perhaps the boss introduced a machine that will do your job twice as quickly (and, though you won't admit it, twice as well). Perhaps the girl with the shoes told you she really, really hopes Savage Garden reunites. Perhaps you won the lottery but lost the ticket. Twice.

To express my condolences and congratulations, here is a mixtape for everyone. A round-up of tracks from 2005. A chance to look back and reminisce, for better or for worse. Listen to the side that best reflects how 2005 has treated you.

Alright then, let's count this year down to rest...

SIDE A: For Those Who Had to Ditch Their Beer in Hamilton

1. "Man Is The Baby" - Antony and the Johnsons
2. "To Leave It Behind" - Great Lake Swimmers
3. "Jezebel" - Iron and Wine
4. "John Wayne Gacy, Jr." - Sufjan Stevens
5. "Ghost Song" - Patrick Wolf

SIDE B: For Those Who Waited On a Confetti-Covered Floor

6. "Do the Whirlwind" - Architecture in Helsinki
7. "Grass" - Animal Collective
8. "The Skin of My Yellow Country Teeth" - Clap Your Hands Say Yeah!
9. "This Boy" - Franz Ferdinand
10. "I'll Believe in Anything" - Wolf Parade

Happy/Sad New Year, everyone! ☺



Drawing by Zoë Alexander

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Dandi Wind Blows Through Europe

Vancouver ex-pats Dandi Wind were kind enough to send us this collection of random anecdotes from their October tour of England. You can catch their infamous live show/80s art-spasm on December 14 at Mesa Luna. It's all ages! (unlike this tour diary, which is for mature readers only).

LIVERPOOL

"The tour was off to a good start—Szam forgot to bring a jacket and wore the shittiest full-of-holes shoes imaginable. We flew into London in the morning and had to get to Nottingham by train to catch a car ride to Liverpool that night. When we got to Nottingham we were met by Ricky, our "tour manager," who immediately told us his radiator had blown up the day before and thus we were going to be losing loads of money on this tour buying train tickets. We also met "Mossy," this dood who sleeps occasionally on Ricky's floor, who was recently let out of a mental asylum and is a chronic masturbator. We could already feel the magic in the air.

When we arrived in Liverpool we had the nice surprise that Szam's keyboard wouldn't work, and despite traveling 20 hours that day we wouldn't be able to play our first show. We were totally bummed out—but Ricky DJ'd for the crowd who actually chanted "O-AS-IS" and tossed bar glasses at him. After the gig Ricky fooled around with a girl in an inflatable Lamborghini—we decided not to mention to him the strange sores all around her mouth.

NOTTINGHAM

All of Ricky's friends in Nottingham kept saying how great the Liar's Club show would be, and it totally was—it was completely sold out and tons of people knew the words. The audience was going crazy, it was super sweaty and it felt like we were in a Dead Kennedys

video from 1981 or the Devo video for "Come Back Jorie". It even ended in a stage invasion that knocked out the sound system. Also a girl got her tooth kicked in during a crazy mosh! In honor of Nottingham we wore Robin Hood outfits: actually Szam was more of a medieval knight and Dandi looked a bit like Peter Pan. Mossy did backing videos of women shitting onto a camera for like 10 minutes. After the show Ricky smashed a coconut on his head, leaving him with a gigantic bloody goose egg for the rest of the tour.



BIRMINGHAM

In Birmingham we traveled with Punish The Atom, a fun Buzzcocks-esque band from Nottingham. The show was fine, nothing especially memorable but Ricky DJ'd the night to an amazing close by mixing "Scatman's World" with "Whoop There It Is". Then on Punish's tourbus, Ricky attempted the world's first NUDE CROWDSURF inside a tour bus on the WAY BACK from the gig. He then stuck a carnation up his arse (see figure A).

LEEDS

In Leeds we played a disastrous all-day festival that was practically empty—the only memorable bits was this synth band's lead singer looked exactly like The Captain (the Vancouver icon) fronting Human League dressed as a communist! Also, Szam ate pork scratchings.

MANCHESTER

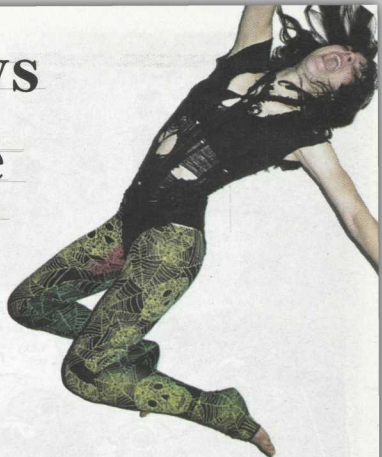
In Manchester, we played with Theoretical Girl from Essex. She and Dandi were corralled for about two hours by this wistful Irish geezer named Jeremiah who only talked in song and kept demanding topics to sing about. Every song had the same melody and each sentence ended with the phrase "Don't you know". He would conclude each song by saying "Have you ever heard a song like that?" I was interested in singing about lockets and fields of barley BUT we got him to sing about Kale Bush and science. Hilariously he DESPISES science so the song was all like "Scientists are bastards, they can't cure death—don't trust them."

Weirdly, he didn't even drink alcohol in our presence, just nine cups of tea. Inevitably he took the mic from Dandi right as we finished playing and started (get this) freestyling over "Hand to Phone" by Adult. I wish we had a recording.

Although the Manchester gig was pretty small, it was a fun night which included ordering eight pizzas from a "Canadian" pizza parlour run by Turks. When Dandi and a girl we stayed with were waiting for pizza these two mean looking dudes bled in the pizza parlour and said "We're in the mood for SEX," and left. Evidently the area where the show was held was rather unsavory.

LONDON

We played about six shows in London—we traveled there twice from Nottingham and Ricky stayed up for four consecutive days both times. The crowds in London are generally too cool for school but we had a good time at White Heat and Queens of Noize. Also it was pretty mental to play at the infamous Fabric club—it was oversold and there were apparently 2200 people in the building. The subwoofers downstairs are so powerful you almost lose control of your bowels.



The first London show was by total fluke with Vancouver's own Slinkinmitt at Club Motherfucker. It was totally crammed but Slinkinmitt showed up so late we frantically had to switch positions on the bill and they only got to play two songs. I wish they could've played longer as they're always a blast to watch. Though Maren did say they played that same club five times that week! (I) This does not surprise us in the slightest—ed.]

We also played at the 100 Club, which was once an infamous punk venue but is now a Granville Street-style blues bar/lounge. The show was really early (like 6pm) and considering that quite well attended. Because there were so many bands we only played like three songs, but we did open for Selfish Cunt, who were fucking AMAZING



Figure A: Ricky's bumhole

live, entirely due to Martin Selfish's absolutely frantic performance. Dandi's in love! He literally put Iggy in his prime to shame. He kicked over several tables and threw cellphones and pints into the wall. Totally insane and actually dangerous. This was the best show we saw in England—most stuff going on in London is deathly boring at the moment. Incidentally, when "Arctic Monkeys" put something out in North America next year you'll see what we mean.

Between shows Dandi did a photoshoot for a magazine called "Less Common" using clothes from this mental clothing store called Kokoh Tozi that has the most outrageous streetwear imaginable. Apparently MIA buys her clothes there and the designer is the guy who did the Bjork swan costume a few years back. They have for instance, a size XXXL tweedy bird sequined poncho for 1500 pounds. They lent the mag these two amazing hats; one that was about four feet high and made of exotic Papa New Guinea bird feathers and another that was a military helmet with beautiful gold quail feathers throughout and REAL wings attached to the side of the head. Very PC.

Apart from a lot of traveling, watching daytime TV and visiting museums, those were the highlights. We're going back in January again to tour for our new European EP. Our album Concrete Igloo is out now in North America. It has 10 videos on it so buy it. And we're playing our first Vancouver show in nine months on December 14 at Mesa Luna (all ages).

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Figure A: Ricky's bumhole



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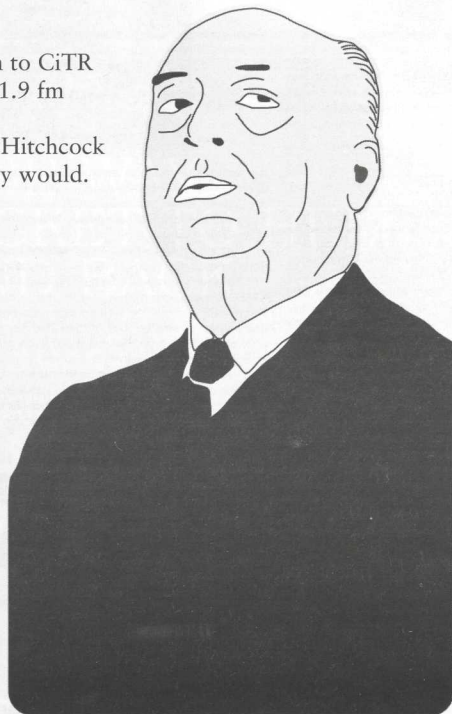
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Drawing by Allana Scott



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Luke Meat's Best/Worst of 2005



David Cross. And no, Luke isn't always this beaming.

Music was pretty weird this year. Not weird, just content to chug along without making too many waves. As always, here's a few things that stood out in the world of music from CTR's messiest office.

Best reason to not throw out your black-light poster:

Black Mountain—5/1

Put Sister Ray on your 8-track, Tusk on your cassette deck, and a banged-up copy of Sabbath's self-titled on your turntable so the record skips over and over. Listen to all three simultaneously. Now: hot-knife two grams of hash. Now you've got it. The best release out of Vancouver this year, or any year. What year is it again? I'm soooooo hungry.

Best proof that International Pop Underground wasn't such a bad idea after all:

Diskettes—Weeknights at Island View Beach

5 000 000 CTR DJs can't be wrong. The trio of Emily Belliveau, David Barclay and Maggie Livingston remind us of the time when twee was hip, love was lovely, and singing about it was cuter than two bunnies fucking. Also throwing in a 16 minute long sound-walk piece of the beach to end the disc somehow just isn't pretentious.

Best reason to see bands outdoors and not have to fill in the woods:

Terminal City Victory Square Block Party

Gorgeous day, DJ Sipreano spinning psychedelic platters that go for \$200+ on eBay and a line-up of some of the best bands this city has to offer. The Pink Mountainops' encore of Ripper's "Sex Bomb" was unreal. Too bad the MC was a fucking goof. On the upside though, the event also proved that Vancouver could have a public event without stabbing! Yay! Our city now has the status of coming in third at a Special Olympics marathon!

Best example that it is possible to 'lounge' up a song without irony:

Paul Anka-Black Hole Sun

Sorry Seattle, did you ever see *The Jazz Singer*? This is how it's supposed to sound. The bluest fuckin' skies you ever seen...

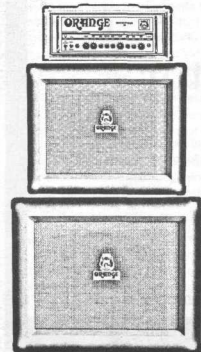
Best tune to BBQ to:

Rogue Wave—10/1

The best tune to crank on a sunny day, with a beer in your hand and a smile on yer mug. It's like Wayne Coyne and Bob Pollard decided to stop their hate on, took E, and jammed on Rhodes keyboards. It's impossible to be in a bad mood when you hear this song.

Best pick-up line to use at a Sunn 0))) show:

"Are your clothes vibrating, or is it just me?"

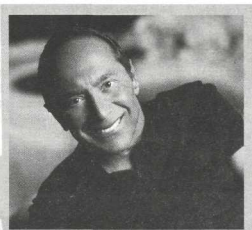


Best box set to pick up if you can't afford the Merzbox: Bunny Brains—Box the Bunny

It's pretty damn ambitious for a noise band to release a five CD BOX SET. It's also pretty ambitious to sit down and listen to the damn thing all the way through. Despite its girth, this is a pretty entertaining listen. Recommended for the strong.

"Wolf" is to "super" as _____ is to "wolf":

Orange. Sure, this year we were bombarded by: Wolf Eyes, Wolf Parade, Raised by Wolves, We are Wolves, Wolfsblood, and The Wolf Note. But for some reason, this year CTR was inundated with CDs by: Orange, The Oranges Band, The Orange Peels, Oranger, The California Oranges, Orange Park, and a re-issue by Glasgow's finest, Orange Juice.



Best example that Grindcore wasn't just a phase: Jesu—5/1

At age 17, Justin Broderick proved he was one of the worlds most insane axe slingers during his tenure with Napalm Death. He then quit to start Godflesh and single-handedly create a new genre: Grindcore. Then nothing. For five years. He returned this year with his two man project Jesu and, in doing so, released one of the most beautifully feedback-laden, distorto-drone records since *Metal Machine Music*.

Best WTF album of the year:

Cleopatra—extra terrestrial/almost/strangely/multigenre/megasuperstargreatestspectacularshowinouterspace

No shit. That's the actual title. There is something so delightfully fertile about Cleopatra's "music" that it almost defies description. In fact, it does defy description. Don't take my word for it, check it yourself. <http://www.2emusic.com/album/10853/10853129.html>



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Foster Kare Work in Progress

By Curtis Woloschuk

Upon rendezvousing with Foster Kare's Chad MacQuarrie at his band's practice space, a CD-R copy of *In Formation Go the Heard* is placed into my hands. MacQuarrie apologizes for the makeshift nature of the offering. With less than a week to go before their CD release show, the band still has some work to do.

"[Drummer Jason] Dana had a vision for how he wanted the packaging to be and we went for it," explains MacQuarrie. Seeing that vision through to reality has proven to be a labour-intensive affair. Each cardboard-based CD sleeve must be hand-assembled by a glue stick-wielding band member. Still, MacQuarrie isn't at all put off by the arts and crafts workload. He suggests, "It's always nice to try something different."

In many respects, Foster Kare itself is a testament to MacQuarrie's adaptability. While *In Formation Go the Heard* functions as the band's debut album, it's but the latest product of a music project that traces its origins back thirteen years and four time zones. "Karen Foster started in 1992 in Fredericton, New Brunswick," shares the singer/guitarist during a crash history course. The "slopper and more experimental" band eventually headed to Vancouver and landed a deal with Sudden Death Records. In the midst of all this, MacQuarrie established a two-piece improv group called Assertion. As the drummers for both groups began to disappear, Foster Kare started to take shape.

Karen Foster was the first to lose their skinsman. At that point, MacQuarrie recruited bassist Bryan McCallum for Assertion and established a stronger songwriting emphasis for that project. When Assertion's Scott Ritchie departed, Jason Dana was drafted in as a replacement. His playing style proved highly reminiscent of Karen Foster's original drummer; consequently, a name change seemed in order. However, "I didn't want to call it Karen Foster again," says MacQuarrie. "That would've made me feel like a dinosaur." And so, with a reversal/reworking of words, Foster Kare came into being.

Early in 2005, MacQuarrie, McCallum and Dana traveled the well-worn trail leading to Vancouver recording studio The Hive, churning out fifteen songs in nine days. With the guidance of engineer Jesse Gander, the trio focussed on solidifying material they still in progress. MacQuarrie—the group's songwriter—jokes, "Once they're recorded, I don't have to worry about forgetting them."

"The arrangements and vibes of the songs didn't really change much while we were recording them," he continues. "Having guests on some tracks was probably the biggest mutation." Notable guests included Gander (keyboards), vocalist Sarah Jane Doe, trumpeter JP Carter and saxophonist Masa. Despite strong ties to the local music community, MacQuarrie endeavoured to keep the invites to a minimum. "I wanted to keep the instrumentation fairly simple on this recording

and keep it sounding like a consistent rock trio."

Of course, a serious problem exists with such an aim. One of Foster Kare's most beguiling characteristics is their stident unpredictability. The band trashes the notion of an established musical approach or "sound" with frenetic abandon. On *In Formation Go the Heard*, blistering "Black Magic of Zion" and earnest "Best in Show" kick in the doors and clear a path for "Evil Tidings." Amidst propulsive rhythms and searing guitar, female harmonies chime in and a saxophone wails. Next, "Bottles" boasts rootsy freewalk that's later echoed in the opening strains of "Synthesize." "Francis Bacon" finds MacQuarrie wailing "Rock and roll song!" with the same venomous vigour afforded to the "You're a fucking idiot!" refrain of bilious "Saltspring." In the album's most audacious transition, atmospheric instrumental "Lullaby for Hank!" (augmented by effects-drenched trumpet) runs headlong into "The Sage"—an unmitigated hardcore attack.

"I hope that the different styles don't deter listeners," says MacQuarrie. "I fear that the differences will seem irrelevant and irrelevant. I'd like to think that, amongst the differences, there's a common thread that people can live on." He aspires for Foster Kare's eclecticism to mirror that of Led Zeppelin. "I'm in awe of how they combined so many different styles but remained consistent and true." It's a fine line to walk. In the case of skiffle yet erratic Mr. Bungle, he concedes, "I'm sometimes annoyed by listening to them. [They're] flexing their musical prowess for the sake of flexing their musical prowess." Or more succinctly: "Showing off."

The members of Foster Kare are certainly capable of throwing their musical weight around. As a rhythm section, McCallum and Dana are a consistently devastating tandem. Meanwhile, the dextrous MacQuarrie boasts a university-level education in jazz guitar. When asked whether Foster Kare's heavy leanings are a reaction to his formal training, MacQuarrie refutes the suggestion. "Jazz" is a very broad idiom," he declares. "The kind of jazz that I enjoy is often very 'mathy.' It's helped me understand and express rhythmic tension more than most rock that I've studied."

"I've learned a lot from playing jazz and African music. It's expanded my vocabulary," continues the guitarist. "I don't think I quote many non-rock styles verbatim in Foster Kare but I'm sure they seep through in less obvious ways." At this point, every member of the band plays in other projects (including Hard Drugs, Open Fire and Co-Pilots). MacQuarrie views the extra-curricular endeavours as beneficial to Foster Kare's development. "All the music we make as individuals in and outside of the band affects our musicality," he states. "That's an ongoing and beautiful thing."

A characteristic that's been present throughout the band's various incarnations is MacQuarrie's social conscience as a songwriter. "I've always been motivated to write songs with

social themes because they seem real and inclusive to me," he says. However, MacQuarrie doesn't see himself as overtly "political." "Sometimes, the deliberate omission of social themes experienced by a songwriter seems more political to me," he counters. In this vein, he cites most pap found on commercial radio. "It seems like more of an effort to avoid expressing feelings about one's relationship with the world in favour of... I don't know... 'Let's party all night and be beautiful forever' or 'We'll have fun fun fun 'til your daddy takes the T-Bird away.'"

"Writing stuff like that would seem really unnatural to me because my life isn't at all like that," offers MacQuarrie. Yet, he concedes, "Sometimes I outgrow songs and feel foolish playing them. I don't feel like the same person who wrote it." While some songs may be embarrassing in retrospect, a track such as "Faust and Arjuna" holds a unique and lasting significance for him. Written almost twelve

years ago, it found its way onto the new album. "That song is currently the most enduring for me."

Even with more than a decade of Foster Kare history behind him, MacQuarrie still finds many labours laying in wait. Once the *In Formation* packages are assembled, the trio will begin their attempts to find a label for their band. There's also the vexing matter of touring. Between the three members, they possess precisely one driver's licence and zero motor vehicles.

"All our money is currently going into this CD," accepts MacQuarrie. "I guess the next purchase will be a van." As Foster Kare continues to chart their course, he philosophizes, "Small paycheques. Small steps."

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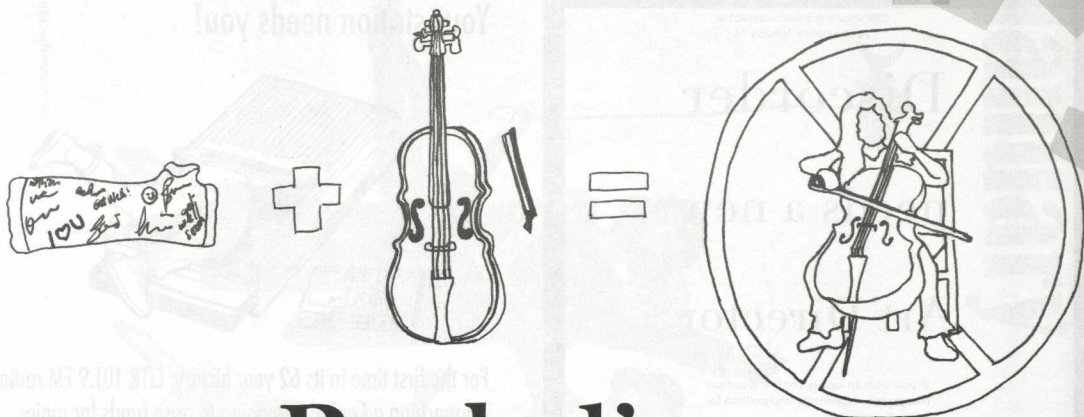
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Rachel's

Classical Music for Indie-ots

by Luke Meat

Louisville, Kentucky begat Will Oldham, the film *Half Cocked* and Slint. Slint begat Rodan, Rodan begat June of 44, Retsin, and Rachel's. Rachel's begat modern classical string arrangements, haunting piano melodies, and conceptual audio pieces that would make GodsPEED You! Black Emperor run for cover. Jason Noble is the guitarist. Luke Meat likes to talk. Here's what happened.

DISORDER: There seems to be certain mysticism about the Kentucky scene in the early '90s. Did you realize that there was something special going on?

Jason Noble: It's kinda hard for me to separate myself from all the music that was being made at the time. I think in Louisville all the bands had a lot of people collaborating with each other. It was a very open working community. Three of us (in Rodan) were all living in the same house and it just seemed natural to start playing together, we had been in other projects before. We shared the house with a band called Crane who were a huge influence on us. It had a lot to do with having a lot of friends who supported and encouraged us. It's hard to say what intent we had. It was just based on making music that we loved and there were a lot of bands in Kentucky that I loved. Like Baströ and Slint, there was also stuff like King Horse who were just hard to describe...kinda metal but not really. Also the stuff from Chicago and DC, y'know, Big Black and Fugazi...Drive Like Jehu. Of course we were also listening to classical stuff...and Prince [laughs].

I played Rusty (Rodan's only full-length release) for some of the kids at the radio station I work at a few days ago, and they went completely apeshit. Do you think the album stands up 11 years later?

[Laughs] I'm probably the worst person to ask that! I know that it [Rusty] stands as a fair document of what we were about and I'm proud that we made that record. Some of the stuff on it is us playing as seriously and dedicated as we possible could. You mentioned earlier about the time changes being tricky or complicated; well, we were just catching it as well. We had to work really hard just to play those songs.

So how did Rachel's emerge from the ashes of Rodan so to speak?

Weirdly enough, Christian Fredericksen who plays viola in Rachel's, and Eve Miller who's our cellist, all three of us lived in Baltimore prior to Rodan. We started making recordings together and it never got any bigger than that, they were in the conservatory

there, and I was going to art school. There was a great studio there called The Hat Factory which really was an old factory taken over by this really great engineer named Tony French and he let us work in there; he actually recorded the first Rodan stuff as well. We recorded there from '91 to '93, some of which wound up on the first Rachel's record. I moved back to Louisville and we started sharing some of those recordings with Rachel Grimes and it just seemed natural that we should all work together. So in the summer of '94 we started working pretty full time on what became *Handwriting* (Rachel's debut LP), even though we knew we couldn't possibly do it live; it seemed a little out of our reach. We didn't play a proper show until a year later in July, so it was a pretty slow evolution: April '91 to July '95. There was a lot of stuff we were learning and Rodan existed through that period. It was a total learning experience. The idea of strings and the classical angle was very exciting to me, but at the same time it seemed almost impossible. I found it very helpful to be working on Rachel's for a few years before we did anything with it.

How did you manage to amass the army of guest musicians that appear on *Handwriting*? Was it just phoning up a bunch of friends and saying "Hey, do you want to be part of our indie-chamber music band?"

Yeah! That's really how it came together! It was friends from multiple cities, people from The Cocktails, and other friends from Chicago. It was all about friendship and being able to try something. There were no big manifestos or anything [laughs].

You mentioned earlier about not being able to pull off onstage what Rachel's do in the studio. What do we get to see at Richard's?

We became friends with a quartet from New York City named Invert who we toured with last March and we loved their music. They're a string quartet but amplified, they write their own material, and they're just really great people. They offered to be an additional quartet in our band so that brings us to about ten people in total. So we get to play some of the string pieces from our earlier records in a club atmosphere which we had never been able to do before.

Do you consider Rachel's a punk band?

We definitely travel like a punk rock band! [Laughs] We're in two vans, we're not what I would call "roughing it" but we don't have "handlers" or anything like that. We just enjoy having it as a DIY

project. Our record label is incredibly supportive, and they believe in bands being able to manage themselves and choose their own path. I think that's the closest thing where we relate to punk rock. We certainly don't sound very much like a punk band...

What can you tell our readers about the funniest movie about band equipment theft *Half Cocked*? Can you tell us how it all came about and why no one has properly distributed this wonderful Kentucky film?

Matador put out a proper VHS of *Half Cocked* but there is no DVD that I know of. They also did a soundtrack album. But the way that it was usually shown was on 16mm film in clubs. We would get a couple bands to play and then show this film. We met the directors Mike Galinsky and Suki Hawley while on tour with Rodan. Mike played in Sleepyhead and he did a lot of band photography and filming and that kinda stuff, and Suki was into filming and art, and the movie really hatched from us going on tours together. It was really funny. We were on tour, Mike and Suki sat us down and said, "We wanna make a movie with you guys in it, the only hitch is that that you have to be a really bad band" [laughs]. They wanted us to pretend to be a little younger than we were, maybe four or five years, and they had this notion of a road trip movie that was to be very improvised. There was a script, but the way that it worked is that the script had a description of a scene but they let us just riff on it. It was really fun. The musical stuff especially, it's not often that you get direction like, "Okay, that was really good but it's too good. Pretend you don't know how to play bass. Fuck up more."

Hours before Rachel's Vancouver appearance, Eve Miller broke her arm in a fall, having to cancel not only the Vancouver show, but the entire North American tour. No statement has been given from Touch and Go about when they may resume. We can only hope they will be back in the near future.



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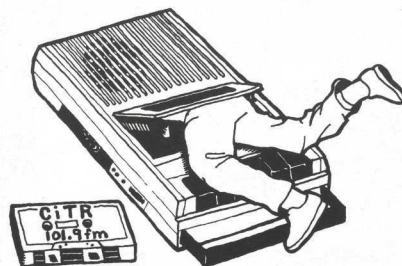
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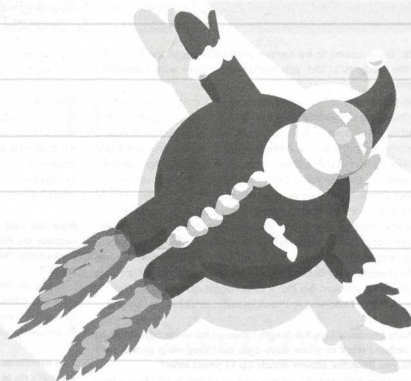
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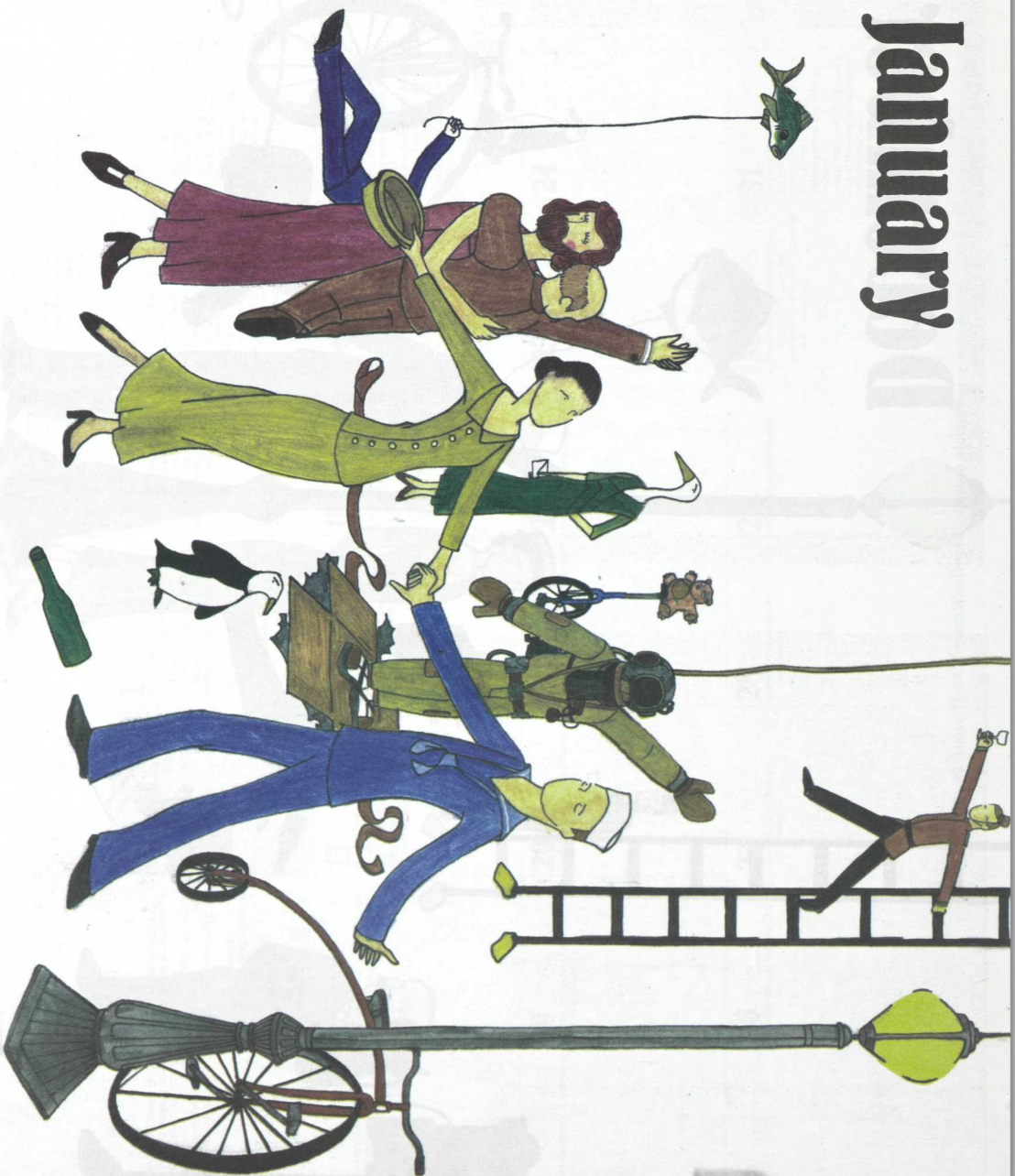
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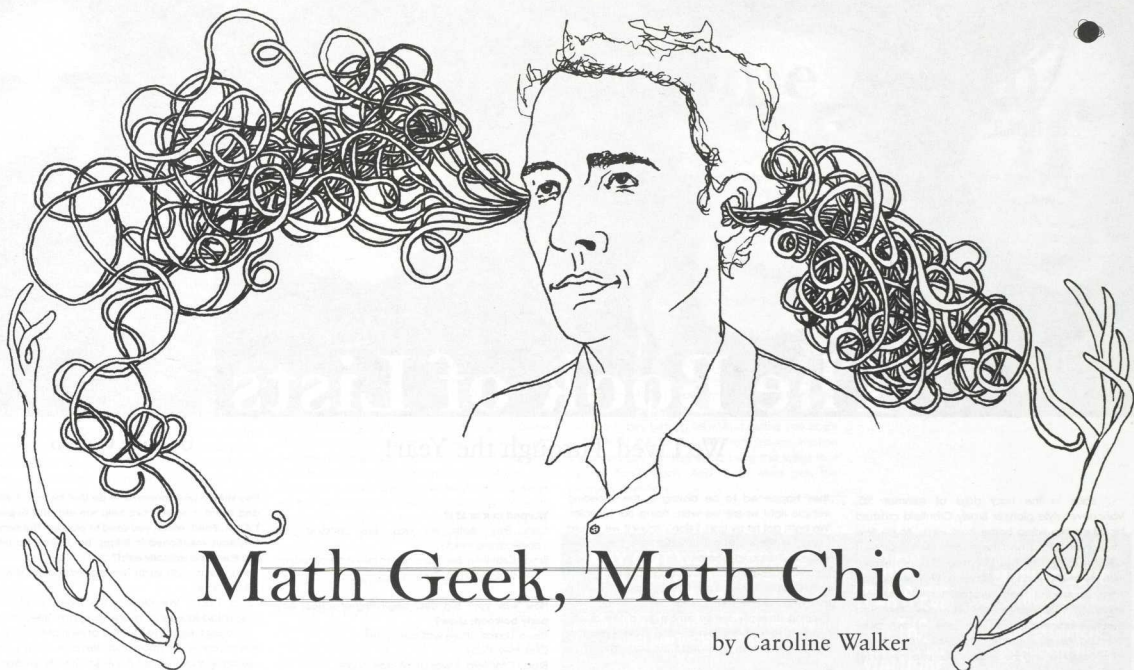


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Math Geek, Math Chic

by Caroline Walker

Fresh off the tour bus from Minneapolis, Caribou graced this city alongside the Super Furry Animals on November 24th at Richard's on Richards. Escaping the noise of soundtrack, I spoke with Dan Snaith about Madame Cleo's (you know the place, or at the very least its distinctive airbrushed artwork). His sonic stylings are no stranger to this part of the world, having breezed in last May with the Junior Boys and the Russian Futurists for the first round of touring for his latest full-length *The Milk of Human Kindness*, which has been met with an overwhelmingly positive response. Beginning the millennium as a self-described "dude with a laptop," Snaith has turned his live performance into an audiovisual bombardment. While not the first artist to use two drum kits simultaneously, he has the rarer honour of making music that actually deserves the poly-percussive treatment. The visual component is provided by the Dublin-

based animators Delicious 9, and Caribou's newest release *Merino* is a DVD collection of all of the videos that these creative folk have spawned for him.

Dan stressed that, as much as this is a Caribou release, it is also the creative product of Delicious 9, and he wants their name to be featured and the visual product to be appreciated as their interpretation of the music in a different modality. With his mind constantly on music, Snaith is rather removed from the creation of the videos. "I don't want to wade in there and be like, 'Yeah it would be cool if there was like stars in there,' y' know what I mean? But I do send them the music and then go over there and hang out with them for a weekend and talk through their storyboards for the videos."

While he admits that performing with the added visual component is somewhat confining musically, it doesn't bother him at all. "I spend so much time on the album taking care of how each track is arranged, so I don't want to break them down into fuckin' free-form hippy jams on stage. People always ask about improvisation but I think that a lot of people don't realize that when you go and see a band that's just a fucking rock band they play their songs exactly the same way every night. I think people get this impression that everybody is just like Phish up there going [makes guitar noise], y' know? We do have some freedom to switch things around, and as the year has gone along we've changed the show so that from night to night we'll change it. It is restricting in that you can't totally change the way the song's going on the spot but I think that bands that do that are quite rare actually."

Having finished his PhD in mathematics last March, Snaith remains uncertain as to how exactly he accomplished such a feat at the same time as he was earning his musical reputation. Apparently the mathematician and the musician were interwoven in a threatening inverse relationship: "It started off mainly student with some musician and then in the end musician took over the whole thing. It was good, doing a PhD was great because there were no classes to go to; I'd just be scribbling away in the back of the van and not sleeping ever. Somehow it all worked out. I don't know how I managed to do both but I'm really glad that I did. It would've been very easy to just be like, fuck this." Flying in the face of a putative math-music connection, Snaith's musical and academic lives rarely meet. Neither consciously informs the other, not even when it comes to time signatures. "I really enjoy them both, they are both really obsessive individual pursuits for me."

Showing some signs of road weariness, Snaith tells me that he has only been in his London, UK home—where he's been going to school for the past four years—for about two months this entire year. The end of the current tour in mid-December will see his return to the recording studio. "I don't really have any specific plans. I never plan things out. I get asked all the time, because I tour with a band, will it be a live band record? And that's not really what I want to do. I like having live sounds and samples all together. Having said that it could be a live blues-rock album because I don't have any plan until I get into the studio. I just start recording and see what happens. I never write anything before I start recording

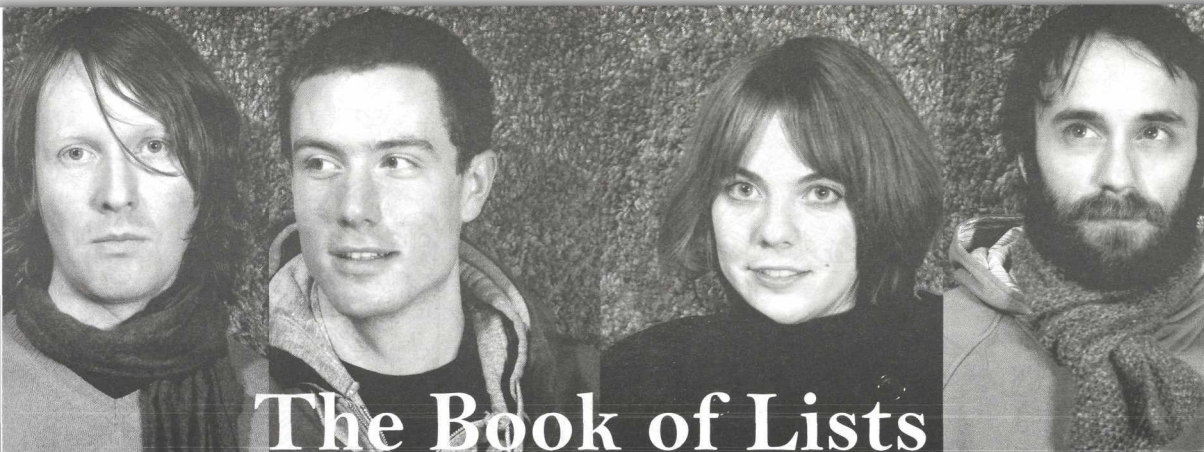
it, I just start recording". When can we expect a new Caribou release? Upon getting in the studio, Dan usually offers up new mastered tapes in nine months. "It's like having a child... My next album is going to come with a bonus child."

If the names Manitoba and Caribou are any indication, this guy remains thoroughly Canadian, and I'm more than happy to have him on my team. At the end of the show he extends a sincere and deep appreciation to the audience, saying, "You guys are always way too nice to us". Flying the "nice Canadian" flag at full mast, may he conquer the world with kindness, or the milk thereof.



Being a stickler for festivity I couldn't let him escape without filling me in on his favourite listens for '05. Animal Collective top the list among other noted releases from Quasimoto, Four Tet, and Gang Gang Dance. And with extra emphasis, "The Daft Punk album, everybody hated it but it's so fucking good, and I can't wait for ten years from now...[for everyone to recognize]." Just FYI on the Daft Punk. Alternative Press claims that *Human After All* is "a hilariously cold and mechanical work that makes Kraftwerk sound like Curtis Mayfield."

Art by Nicole Ondre



The Book of Lists

We Lived Through the Year!

By Julie Colero

Back in the hazy days of summer '05, Vancouver style pioneer Brady Cranfield crashed his bike while riding home from work. As he flew through the air, he had the wherewithal to protect his beer-filled bag, but forgot to concern himself with his own personal well-being. Why should you care about this most treacherous of mishaps? Because it very nearly meant the end of Cranfield's illustrious drumming career. In one fell swoop he cracked his elbows and broke his fans' hearts, temporarily turning the Secret Three into the Secret Two-and-a-Half.

Also affected by the splintering of bone was The Book of Lists, a calculating rock four-piece fronted by Chris Frey [ex-Radio Berlin, ex-Destroyer], who depend on Cranfield to keep the beat. Guitarist Trevor Larson was so upset that he didn't leave his mother's basement for three weeks, living off Campbell's chicken noodle soup and menthol cigaretttes. Bassist Laura Piasta printed up shirts for the general public which read "Post rock won't be the same without you, big guy!", none of which were ever worn, as Cranfield's arms mended quickly and enabled him to get back behind the kit.

And so I'm happy to announce that The Book of Lists is massively back on track. They've been playing songs from their EP *Red Arrows* and new songs they've invented at many a house of ill repute around town. Most recently they headlined a show at Richard's on Richards with Pride Tribe and the Anemones, where their beer was drunk by freeloading journalists and their sound, a fuzzy but perfectly-planned throwback to bands you might not know (Felt, anyone?) was enjoyed by many a party-ready person. Here's what I got out of the band that night:

DISORDER: Let's talk about some highs and lows of 2005 for the Book of Lists.

Trevor Larson: Oh, man! Don't get us started! Let's mention some lows...

Chris Frey: I'll mention some personal lows. I was doing some social work earlier on in the year and had my life threatened a number of times, and so I decided to get out of that practice. In order to fill the income void that that left in my life, I took every job I could get a hold of and worked seven days a week making still no money for the entire summer. Our practice space got broken into, and Trevor and Laura's guitars got stolen. More recently Laura and I almost got killed in a high-speed car chase. We were riding our bicycles.

How does this all fit together? Someone decided to chase you because...

Chris Frey: The police were chasing somebody and

they happened to be boxing in the speeding vehicle right where we were riding our bicycles. We both got hit by cars. I don't know if we should even be mentioning that... But let's talk about some of the good moments.

Laura Piasta: Both of my sisters had babies.

Brady Cranfield: We've got new songs.

Chris Frey: Our first EP came out, and that was exciting. Basically, we've almost got a new album ready to record. We're recording in December of the Hive with Josh Wells and Colin Stewart.

Some team as first time around?

Chris Frey: Yeah.

Did you guys ever find your instruments again?

Trevor Larson: No.

Brady Cranfield: We also got evicted from that space, shortly after we got broken into.

Chris Frey: Add that to the lows.

Trevor Larson: They tried to break in a second time, but I was there, and I saw the guy, and he jumped the fence and got away.

Laura, I've heard you have the skateboard connection.

Trevor Larson: You should see her Nokia commercial, it's amazing!

Laura Piasta: I don't know if there's much to explain, but I've skateboarded for a long time.

Are you pro?

Laura Piasta: No.

Is that an aspiration?

Laura Piasta: I don't think I could ever be good enough to be... But I've entered contests. It's pretty easy to enter contests.

Chris Frey: She was in Slam City Jam. Didn't you get, like, third place or something? Or was that a typo?

Laura Piasta: Seventh, the first time. But there was only like fifteen women in the contest.

Have any of your bands ever played Slam City Jam?

Chris Frey: Not Nor the Warped Tour. I don't know what we're doing wrong.

Not even you, Brady?

Brady Cranfield: Are you kidding? Actually, you know what, somebody approached Video Tokyo, encouraging us to submit for one of those. Video Tokyo, being the band that it is, couldn't bother to put its shit together to do it. It would have been funny, I suppose....

Chris Frey: I remember Dan Bejar really wanted to get on the bill, but they turned him down.

Warped tour or SSJ?

Chris Frey: Both. He was, like, sending out applications madly.

Brady Cranfield: Because he's so into skateboarding and skateboard culture.

How was your big UBC beginning-of-school hot party ballroom show?

Trevor Larson: There was pot there?

Chris Frey: Pop?

Brady Cranfield: It was an all-ages show.

I said HOT. And I'm sure there was alcohol there, Brady, come on.

Brady Cranfield: There were some pretty young-looking kids there.

Trevor Larson: We had enough alcohol, that's for sure!

Chris Frey: It was definitely the strangest show we've ever played. I don't think anybody had ever heard of us. People nodded their heads in time with the music and all that, but I think there was a lot of confusion because I think they wanted The Weakerthans.

You guys don't do any cover tunes, eh?

Chris Frey: Not yet, but we're thinking about it.

With four very diverse characters, are you going to be able to pick one song, one band that is worth covering?

Chris Frey: It's going to be like a 'Stars on 45' kind of thing.

Brady Cranfield: A medley. But that's how we design our songs. Each chord and lick is a little icon of pop music references. There's actually very little originality in the way that we write our music. We have this graph system that we follow, and it's alpha-numeric, but usually it works.

Chris Frey: We'll be like, "This part's part of 'Walk the Dinosaur', this part's 'Pump up the Volume' by MARRS, this part's 'Tarzan Boy'."

Trevor, what's the best thing you've ever ripped off?

Trevor Larson: Oh, "Kiss me", what's that song?

Laura Piasta: Sixpence None the Richer.

Trevor Larson: You'll notice that the first two chords of one of our tunes happen to coincide with the first two chords in that song.

Laura Piasta: But it was an accident, subconscious....

Trevor Larson: No way. I was really trying to put that in there.

Laura Piasta: We should do some Freudian analysis of our songs.

You should pay someone to do that for you, Trevor and Laura, can you two help me out and explain T.A.L.A. Band, which you used to play in? The name is always mentioned in things, but there's no info. Did this band actually exist?

Trevor Larson: Oh yeah, we played tons of shows, like twelve.

Laura Piasta: We played like every week. We recorded four songs at The Hive, and Trevor and I were just listening to that the other night.

Trevor Larson: It's good stuff. Trevor Andrew Laura Andrew, that's what T.A.L.A. [of the T.A.L.A. Band] stands for, and we played really fast music.

Brady Cranfield: Dance punk music, right?

Trevor Larson: I don't think so.

Laura Piasta: Accidental dance punk, maybe.

Brady Cranfield: They became the art party band.

Trevor Larson: We used to have this fog tent that we'd set up with PVC sheeting.

Brady Cranfield: It was a hot-box tent.

Trevor Larson: No no no... We put a smoke machine and a strobe light inside it, and during our first song the lead singer would cut open the tent and smoke would spill out over the crowd. Of course we were just all over the place. It was not really a tight band at all.

So where's the Book of Lists' gimmick?

Brady Cranfield: Trevor is our gimmick.

Laura Piasta: [T.A.L.A. Band] was party-oriented.

Trevor Larson: But it made people too uptight to party. Too uptight!

Brady Cranfield: We're the inverse, Reverse.

Do people party when you play?

Brady Cranfield: We don't notice, because we're too uptight.

So you're always just looking at the wall at the back of the room?

Laura Piasta: We're looking into our inner mind's eye.

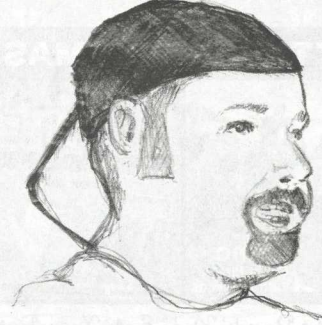
Brady Cranfield: It's not intentional, we're just soul-searching.

Chris Frey: People seem to pay attention at least. I'm not sure if there are enough people who know our songs enough to really listen up around them. They're probably still trying to digest the first songs we've written. We're only about a year old.

Brady Cranfield: But in all sincerity, we're a very new band still, and we haven't played a whole lot, because we've all been busy with school and other obligations. Once the new year begins, I think all that will change and we'll play around more than we have in the past and everybody will be happier.



Julia Monks Photos



That Name Again

by Ben Lai

And your last CD is entitled *Mad Plow Disease*. Tell me about it.

It was the longest ever recording I've had to sit through, because it took place not only in Vancouver, but in Salem, Oregon, and also Santa Monica, California. It took two months to get everything done. I have somehow enlisted great players like Norwood Fisher from Fishbone playing bass on five tracks. Rocky George, who was the one-time lead guitar player of Suicidal

Tendencies, who is now the lead guitar player of Fishbone, he appears on three tracks. Gene Hogland, the almighty death metal drummer from Strapping Young Lords, appears on nine tracks. And then a couple of Doers appear on the album. Joel from Joel and the Last of the Neighbours appears on the record. Two of the Joint Chiefs appear on it. Devon, the drummer from Cadeaux appears on it. And Al, the drummer from the WPP, plays guitar on it.

That's a lot of people. Did you have to ask?

Norwood I asked. I begged and pleaded with Gene. Rocky volunteered when I was down at Norwood's house doing the bass tracks. He was actually acting as somewhat the engineer for the session, and he liked what he heard. And to everybody else I just said, "Hey, do you want to come sing backups?" or "Do you want to do this?" Everyone just jumped at the chance, which was awesome. And Chris-a-riffic plays on it too. I almost forgot.

One of the most distinctive features of your songs is the lyrics. They're not based on real life stories now are they?

I'll just tell you and the people the same thing. I tell everybody else, which is that each song holds about sixty percent of truth serum.

When do you write your songs?

They mostly just come at the oddest moments. Like track number two on the CD, which is entitled "Are You Really a Guy?" is about a blind date from hell.

That happened to you?

It is a true story, but it's not about me. And the story popped in my head as I was driving from California to Tempe, Arizona the spring of last year. I just wanted to get to my next show and not stop and write all these lyrics down, so I kept reciting the lines over and over again. As soon as I got to the bar in Tempe, besides asking for the bathroom I asked for a pen and paper. The song was fully completed by the time I was in New York in late spring. As for other songs, I worked at The Cobalt for a year and a half as the door guy; you meet a lot of interesting people, and you see a lot of interesting things going on. I can point people out to you and say that's track number seven, this is track number twelve, that's track three...

Do you choose to base your songs on stories that have more of a shock value?

I write a lot of songs, at least once a week. I have some sort of new song in progress. There were about 25 songs recorded for this CD, and only 18 songs made the cut. I follow The Simpsons' theory, which is if the joke doesn't make you laugh

thirteen times, they aren't going to use it. That's kind of what the game plan I used for the CD is. I have the rough demo, and I just kept listening to all these songs over and over again. If I didn't find the song funny the fifteenth time I listened to it over a span of two weeks or whatever, then there is less of a chance that the song will make the cut.

Do you ask for input from others? To see if they laugh?

Some people I'll go, "Hey, read this." Or I'll sing the first verse to somebody, and they'll be, "Dude, that's hilarious," or, "Dude, what the fuck were you thinking?" If I get one of those two quotes from people then I know I'm on the right track. The main thing is, especially going to a punk rock show, you see a guy getting up with a guitar, you don't know what the fuck. Everyone's first assumption is that the guy is a hippie. So I sing the songs that hippies don't touch. And that's what gets the people's attention.

What do your parents have to say about your dirty songs?

Ma and Pa Plow as I like to call them, they've seen me play here at The Railway a few years ago, and just a while ago at a show at The Fairview, I ended up catching my mother. Ma Plow, singing along to the Crackhead Momma song. My parents are behind it a hundred percent, they think it's absolutely hysterical. I go out and sing these dirty songs, people pay money to witness it, and I'm somehow able to make a living off this. They are just as baffled as I am that I'm able to do this [Laughs].

<http://www.beenplowed.com/>



One of my most vivid recollections of a Mr. Plow show happened at The Railway Club. The place wasn't particularly busy that night, though there was still an audience watching the show, including a table of well dressed older ladies who obviously didn't know what they were in for. The look of horror on those women's faces as Mr. Plow belted out one dirty song after another was priceless. Halfway through one particularly filthy song about incest, they couldn't take it anymore and all headed straight towards the exit, shaking their hands disapprovingly at the stage during the process.

That was four years ago, and I'm now back at The Railway Club face to face with Mr. Plow.

DISORDER: You didn't start out being a solo performer. You had quite the history.

Mr. Plow: I started off as a band where actually, played in seven different bands starting back in '94 with The Hairy Aereolas, and we were just a basement band, never did anything. We made a demo tape and that was as far as we got. Never even once played a show. As The Hairy Aereolas started falling apart, I joined this other band called Offday, with two of the guys from Insipids, that band actually started to go, we started playing shows - the first time I started playing shows was with them at The Niagara. I was playing drums in these two bands at the time, and I joined another band called The Chick Magnets, which featured another Insipid, so it was a very incestuous circle we had back then. Although in Vancouver nowadays that's all there is too, it's the most incestuous music scene besides Victoria, you know. Victoria is pretty nasty for incestuous bands. Anyway, Offday broke up, because the singer/guitar player moved to Winnipeg. Shortly after that The Hairy Aereolas got back together, but we were known as Dwayne Dibley and His Magical Hairy Aereolas - just for the circus sake of the name. When that band reformed we got ourselves a new drummer, and I became the lead guitar player/lead singer of the band. And then we had to throw the bass player out two weeks before our first show, because he couldn't learn anything, even the one song that was in the key of A. Al he had to play was the A note on his bass for a minute and a half but he couldn't do it. So I took over the bass duties and played all the lead guitar riffs that were written for our songs on the bass instead. The Mr. Plow thing was the alter ego of Dwayne Dibley, because everyone assumed my name was Dwayne Dibley. I just played all these fast hardcore punk songs from the band slowed down on acoustic, so everyone could actually understand what was being said. It sort of took off from there. I played in a couple other bands for a while, but I decided to go cold turkey, just focused on the Mr. Plow thing from that point on, three CDs later I'm sitting here at the Railway Club.

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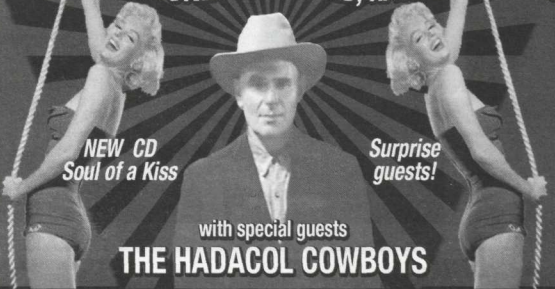
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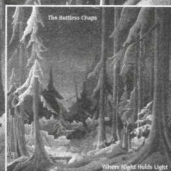


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Gang of Four

by Mike LaPointe

Ironically, Dave Allen and I are talking grandly about the future of technology in music when a mysterious crackling comes over the phone, which neither of us seems capable of fixing or figuring out. On the state of the industry, he says, "Everything's changing", after being established in it for twenty-six years, and finally reunited with the original Gang of Four line-up, he's in a very good position to judge.

Here are the Spark Notes: after answering an advertisement for "bass player wanted" in 1977 Leeds, Allen hooked up with Andy Gill, Jon King, and Hugo Burnham, and the quartet established the landmark post-punk band Gang of Four. Their seminal 1979 album, *Entertainment!*, is one of the crucial documents of the era, capturing a groundbreaking band at their hungriest. The record is striking for its angular, much-counterfeited guitar sound, and Allen's dub-reggae influenced bass. *Entertainment!* perfected the aesthetic today's post-punk revivalists are seeking to duplicate, a fresh hybrid of punk rock youthfulness and a dose of danceability. Since the first time he left the band twenty-four years ago, Allen has played in Shriekback (a band that strangely sold more records than Gang of Four) and started a web design company, Pampelmoose.

So why is it that when I told my friends, "I'm interviewing Gang of Four," they all said, "That's great! Er, who are they?" Well, it could have something to do with the fact that Allen parted ways with the band after their sophomore album, 1981's *Solid Gold*, and none of the later material approached the envelope the first two albums pushed. But, says Allen, "It was something wrong before I left," a combination of over-touring, ineffective management, and lack of guidance.

Although Allen doesn't buy the comparisons,

the popularity of modern rock bands such as Franz Ferdinand and Bloc Party has marked a post-punk revival largely informed by Gang of Four's sound. Rather than lamenting the theft of his style, Allen believes that "the opportunity that created reminded us, if not other people, about the band's legacy." Driven by this renewed interest, the original line-up reformed and have made a full return after nearly a quarter century apart.

They've already toured all over the world and released *Return the Gift*, an album of re-recorded songs from their earlier work. *Return the Gift* effectively liberates them from the bum-deal they first signed with EMI three decades ago that left the masters in the hands of the company, a catch typical of the era. But now, says Allen, "Gang of Four owns the masters. We're in control of our destiny, finally, after all of these years."

So where does the band want to go? Though many cringe at the thought of their favourite reunited bands making music after years apart (the Pixies, anyone?), Allen feels that Gang of Four is still capable of making music that explores new frontiers. "The hard part would be Jon and Andy, because they were the two lyrical components, for them to sit and say, 'What the hell? Where do we start?'" Though he kicks around a few ideas, including current events such as the disaster in New Orleans, Allen admits that, after all of the changes he's experienced (he's been married for seventeen years, and is a father of teenagers), "I'm not sure what we want to talk about these days."

Ever since *Entertainment!*, the provocative content of Gang of Four's lyrics has garnered the members misleading reputations as radicals, Marxists, and socialists. The fact that they named

themselves after a group of Chinese communists didn't help, though Allen doesn't feel his band ever specifically brought those ideas into play.

"Gang of Four was always stateless... we left it wide open to interpretation," he says. Fans of the band still recall one famous instance when Gang of Four walked off of a much-coveted spot on the BBC show "Top of the Pops" because the producers asked them to censor the word "rubbers" from "At Home He's a Tourist." Many regard this as a turning point in the band's career, and the moment when mainstream commercial success eluded them for good. "We're an odd beast, aren't we?" Allen says, laughing.

The thing that sets Gang of Four apart from the plethora of late-'70s punks was a personal touch that no other band approached. As Allen describes, the band wasn't so much political as sociological in nature. They talked about the personal choices involved in society, the decision to either rebel or turn the other cheek. "Nobody [since] has managed to encapsulate in a song those kind of issues," he says. "We're a kind of island in a sea of mediocrity, really. And I say that with pride."

But the United States is one issue he feels Gang of Four is incapable of avoiding these days. With "America being hell-bent on global hegemony," the subject, he believes, aligns with the band's universal approach. One reason he feels the reunion has been such a success is that the lyrics are "equally important and just as relevant as they were back then, because not much has changed."

Whether or not this means Gang of Four will be as controversial today as they were during their first incarnation is irrelevant; Allen, an outspoken enemy of nostalgia, isn't expecting to recapture

anything except the power of the band's live show. "None of us are looking back with our rose-coloured glasses on, trying to re-create what we were back then... we're not those people." On whether or not he'd play "Top of the Pops" now, he says, "Yeah. If they tried to censor us again, then we'd walk off again. It doesn't matter. Our principles have not changed."

Though that statement may be true, the question remains as to what exactly Gang of Four is fighting against these days, if anything. On one hand, Allen seems dissatisfied with a culture that sends messages such as, "you must join the iPod generation," but on the other his company, Pampelmoose, lists Nike as one of their clients. While he's proud of how the band took back the masters from the behemoth EMI, Gang of Four "do play ClearChannel venues." After observing how Pearl Jam fared against Ticketmaster in the '90s, Allen explains that he's not interested "in fighting a battle on that scale."

Perhaps these questions are immaterial for the Gang of Four of today. Allen says he enjoys the fact that modern audiences may be "just having a good time because we're a really good, loud rock band," and not buying into the band's politics. However, the ambiguity of Gang of Four's political maturation casts a shadow over where they can safely go in the future. Only time will tell.

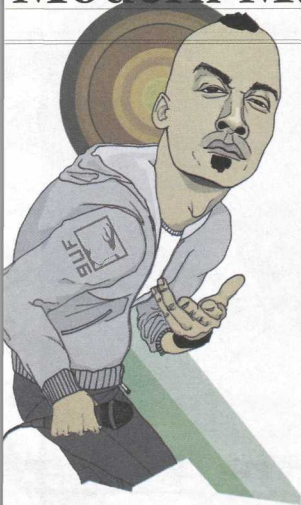
But speculating about the future of Gang of Four isn't a particularly interesting topic to Dave Allen. His attitude is simply, "what will be will be," and the past, inevitably, "isn't that important. 'I live for the moment every day, moving forward,' he says. "There's no point looking back."



Mark Hall-Patch Illustration

Modern Man's Hustle

by Mike Barrow



With the success of their self-deprecatory album *God Loves Ugly* and its self-destructive follow-up, the celebrated travelogue *Seven's Travels*, Atmosphere have solidly stationed themselves as a favorite among hip-hop heads and hipsters alike. The release of this year's *You Can't Imagine How Much Fun We're Having* marks a change in tone for Atmosphere's two insectile members, Slug and Ant. [Ed: slugs belong to the phylum Mollusca] as they take time to pay a little homage to their predecessors and reflect on the past few years that have launched them to the fore of independent underground rap.

The Midwestern United States have been receiving ample attention over the past few years with the successes of Chicago's Kanye West, Common, Twista, and of course, Detroit's Eminem. Though Atmosphere are a far cry from the mainstream tangle, Slug sees important parallels with rappers like Kanye whose everyman appeal is changing how hip-hop is accepted by the mainstream audience.

Whether Kanye will have a lasting impact on the evolution of rap remains to be seen, but the implications of his success are of particular interest to Slug. "Kanye's been rapping out of Chicago for 10 years. I've known who that dude is for a long time and now he's finally popping," he pointed out, "but what's impressive to me is that the mainstream audience is okay with it, they are embracing the everyman."

Atmosphere's latest album marks a new level of comfort and acceptance for Slug, now 33, in regards to both his voice and position as an artist and everyman. This was readily apparent in his eagerness to share with me his opinions on revolution, renaissance, rap paternalism and everything in between during our 28-minute phone interview that ran 13 minutes longer than scheduled. In terms of career placement, Slug couldn't be in a better position.

"I think that, essentially, so much time is spent trying to obtain your own voice and trying to be something new or something fresh that a lot of times it's easy to totally decline or hide where your influences come from," he explained. "I think there was a little less pressure on us to try to stand out of the crowd and that resulted in us being a lot more relaxed and open to showing where our roots are." Yet despite the shedding of these identity insecurities, Slug still finds himself being misinterpreted.

"First of all, everybody thinks that I must be sad and brooding and upset all the time, but they meet me and they're usually surprised at how optimistic and positive and rational I am, and how comfortable I am with myself," he continued, "I'm just this dude that's excited, scared, nervous, arrogant, pessimistic, optimistic, pretentious and humble about my place in the world." Slug's hallmark mix of modesty and confidence has never been expressed better. His forthrightness has plunged him into an ironic imbroglio as fans interpret the title *You Can't Imagine How Much Fun We're Having* as sarcastic.

"I didn't mean the title to be ironic whatsoever," Slug told me, though the album's cover photo seems to hint otherwise: "I guess the irony in it is that I didn't mean irony whatsoever." If Slug is being honest in saying that we can't imagine how much fun he's having, he certainly chose an odd album to try and prove it.

"This record is a celebration of the part of life that everybody is sad about," he disclosed. "The sadness in my life is important to me because it is what inspires and creates and makes things happen so I can have positive, productive things go on." So far productivity has not yet been an issue for Atmosphere. But rap is a fickle mistress and Slug is well aware that tired acts disappear, as his tour-mate Blueprint quipped, "like Bobby Fischer".

"The bottom line is that I've learned so much behind the scenes that has nothing to do with artistry that I do intend to be up in this for the rest of my life," he asserted, "whether that be driving the van for Eyedea, or on the phone for the office trying to sell Brother Ali CDs or whether that be me up on stage jumping up and down like a fucking clown, I don't care." As in any other genre, rap commands dedication. But perhaps more than any other genre, rap requires confidence. For the most part, rappers are only successfully self-conscious when they are being funny. Yet Slug has managed to find a balance between bravado and braininess without having to act a part.

"I guess I never got to mention it," he told me, "but I feel blessed that I don't have to change my voice the minute I start talking about rap music. I get to be who I am, and I am happy about that because I don't know that hip-hop has left a lot of room for that in the last 20 years." Slug forecasts that this pattern, common through much of independent hip-hop, will seep into the circles of mainstream rap as well. "I do think 5 years from now you are going to see people that didn't have to get their street credibility, nor their intelligence credibility, nor their hustler credibility, nor their nerd credibility—all they will have to have is their human credibility." Slug, in is own way, has earned bits of each.

You Can't Imagine still has all the elements you would expect from an Atmosphere album: Slug raps about girls, he raps about himself, he raps about the world and he raps about rap. Though this time around it's a little more serious.

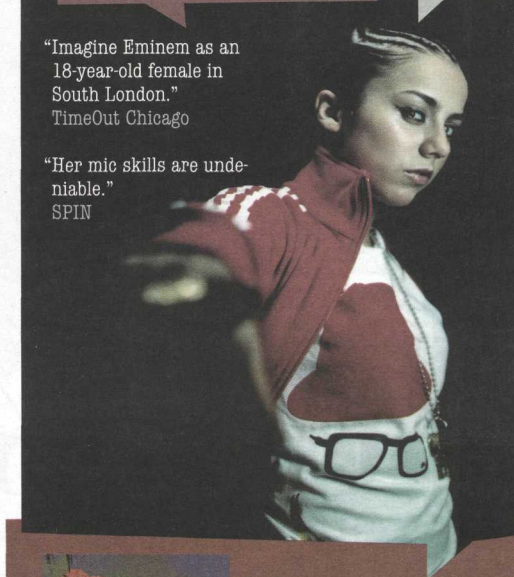
"I've already thanked Chuck [D], but someday I'm going to thank Kris [KRS-One] and I'm going to thank Grand Puba. As a 33 year old who is grounded and rational and blessed to be surrounded with good people and blessed to be as successful as I am, if I don't pay that back, I'm a bitch," he emphasized. "I think that that anxiety weighs a lot more on me than the success."

Phieu Tran Illustration

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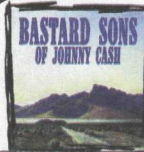
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DRUMS & TUBA
BATTLES OLÉ

Combining drums, tuba guitars and electronics, D&T takes its wildly diverse musical backgrounds and creates a sound that is entirely its own—full of catchy, groove-based songs.



ASH RIOT
THIS TIME I'LL FORGIVE YOU...AGAIN

If you happen to like rock n' roll and are inspired by the rebellion of punk rock past and present, if you like to dance and jump, have a broken heart or one on the mend, listen to Ash Riot.



BOB BOSSIN
THE ROSES ON ANNIE'S TABLE

Produced by Veda Hille. Hille's lovely-but-off-beat arrangements are the perfect match for the songs of this Canadian roots music pioneer.



ANNABELLE CHVOSTEK
BURNED MY ASS

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ROMI MAYES
AND THE TEMPORARILY EMPLOYED
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HARMONY TROWBRIDGE
AMORAPHOBE

A sneak peak at the artist some have compared to a young Joni Mitchell. Performing with nothing but guitar and golden voice, "she can floor you with her loveliness." — Now

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The Beta Band
The Best of the Beta Band:
Music
(Astralwerks)

It was a shock to many that the Beta Band, after eight years of puzzling ears and confounding expectations, broke up this year after their fourth album. Heroes to Zeroes, proving once and for all that not even hype from the NME can sell that many records. Reasons for the demise ranged from the coherent ("little return in terms of commercial success [the inevitably takes its toll]" to the typically vague ("The Beta Band album has over-ripe and become riddled with maggots, it must fall from the tree and let its seeds return to the ground.") Coupled with the fact that Heroes to Zeroes, despite its critical failings, was their most popular album, the true reason for their breakdown remains ambiguous.

Enter post-mortem best-of collection: The Best of the Beta Band combines efforts from the band's catalogue (and also blends all four album covers into one monstrosity, exploding, logo-riddled gloom-scape). It courageously takes on what seems like an impossible task: to cull sixteen tracks from a career that covered lo-fi indie rock, trip-hop, and an indescribable kaleidoscope of country and dub reggae, while maintaining the cohesiveness that these retrospectives require.

Just on the overwhelming strength of the songs themselves, the album succeeds. By supplying the listener with the bulk of their greatest work (check "Dry the Rain," "She's the One," "It's Not Too Beautiful," among many others) the record offers a crash-course in a band that most people are criminally undecanted in.

But *The Best of the Beta Band*: Music predictably suffers where most compilations do. By not giving the listener the context within which the songs originally appeared, the daring experimentation that made the Beta Band such an exciting and important band is lost. The whole package gives you the strange feeling of reading some incomplete novel. Though the music is undeniably consistent, it all hints at a master plan that fell tragically short.

On its own, *The Best of the Beta Band*: Music is a rollercoaster of sounds, and for the impatient listener, it'll probably give you



the idea. But as a whole, it isn't the Beta Band that I knew, and it just doesn't seem like an appropriate last gasp for these star-crossed pioneers.

Mike LaPointe

Françoise Breu
Une Saison Volée
(Olympic Disc)

It's always difficult waiting for one of your favorite artists to release new material, especially when it's been five years. *Une Saison Volée*, Françoise Breu's newest and third release was worth the wait. Françoise has come a long way from singing back-up vocals for French all, pop star Dominique Ane. Her self-titled debut *Françoise Breu* (1997) and her second release *Vingt a Trente Mille Jours* (2000) showed a steady maturation in her music, as she established her own identity apart from Ane. Picking up on the French vocal (chanson) tradition established by Edith Piaf, Serge Gainsbourg and Françoise Hardy and combining it with multiple musical references embellished with a Tom Waits-like quirkiness, she has quickly defined her own identifiable sound. Françoise's singing has a straight forward authenticity that carefully balances a degree of vulnerability and complete self-assuredness. "Overall" is the stand out track. Sung in English with the help of *Calexico's* Joey Burns (*Calexico* had previously covered Breu's "Si Tu Disais" on the *Concivical* pop release) this powerful duet is spine chilling and reminiscent of *Excuse Czerwanka* and John Doe of *X* and *Knitters* fame. Sung in a cinematic, "Ultimo" displays a cinematographic flare that recalls *Morricone*. Bit it's when Françoise sings in her native French the full range of her vocal repertoire unfolds. "La Vie Devant Soi" is a delightfully breezy Latin-tinged number. In a more traditional Piaf inspired vein "Le Premier Bonheur" mournfully drifts with heavy film noir intensity. To highlight these few tracks, though, does a disservice to the remaining songs, all of which are excellent. Françoise Breu is a master of beautifully crafted musical narratives, effortlessly referencing multiple styles but unmistakably unique.

pcs

Christopher Bissonnette
Periphery
(Kranky)



I met Bissonnette at the Mutek festival in Montreal a couple of years back. He was performing as one of numerous members of the media collective Thinkbox, who had recently released *Guitar*, a group meditation on the instrument via manipulation of pre-recorded audio. Thinkbox, who boast members from both Windsor and Detroit, is everything NAFTA isn't: an easy and fair playground exchange without the sandbox bully. Watching Thinkbox live was like a summit meeting between audio academics exchanging ideas via their numerous sonic sound tools.

On his Kranky debut Bissonnette is taking his Thinkbox philosophy of live electronic experimentation to work by recording and mixing Periphery live using randomized audio-patches.

Sweating the little things, Periphery is an album of subtleties and ambience. Bissonnette's process of making his immersive sample is carried out via extensive sample manipulation of piano and orchestral work, resulting in textures unrecognizable from their source. The soothing sound of static-like audio provides a base to much of the work on Periphery, inspiring the listener to turn the volume high to fully appreciate all the sound that can be heard between the audio snowflakes. Like all good ambient music Bissonnette's pieces draws the listener in by their emotive powers; making the ears attuned to each total variation.

Periphery isn't going to put much money in Kranky or Bissonnette's bank accounts. It probably won't even make that many reviewers' top 10 lists either. This isn't that kind of record. Periphery is just that, an album that focuses on the sounds not normally listened to. What Periphery will do if you give it the chance is expose those who don't know the realms of modern ambient music to a world where less is more. Who knows, the manipulated pop of static on microphone might just be the hook you were looking for.

Robert Rabout

Luke Doucet
Broken (and other rogue states)
(Six Shooter Records)

Luke Doucet, former front man of the band Veil, has gone solo. Does this entitle

Under Review

him to take himself very, very seriously? Apparently so, because he's put out thirteen tracks of morosely weird, self-impressed, over-produced shit. The whole enterprise is wretched with shallow cliché, incongruent artistry, and self-conscious, broken-hearted egotism. Don't believe me? Check out the blog on his website for daily updates on what he thinks of himself (www.lukedoucet.com). Here's one song title as an example of what I'm talking about: "If I drop names of exotic towns that you'll never see, in the songs that I write, it's that that's all I have when I miss my girl and you're taking your home tonight". You fucking wish I made that one up.

This is the kind of thing makes me ashamed to be Canadian. Nobody told this guy, when he needed to be told, that he can't sing, that he writes boring songs, and that he is not Johnny Cash. Now he thinks he's fucking Nick Drake on Jim Beam and is already halfway to the Junos. Thanks a lot, Ontario Arts Council. I want my tax dollars back.

Jon Fleming

The Knitters
The Modern Sounds of the Knitters
(Zoe Records)

What is it about California punk that leads to such great country music? I don't know, but this album is my new favorite example of this phenomenon. Beginning in the mid 80s as a side project of X, The Knitters (made up of Exene, Doe, Bonebrake, rockably revivalist/label mates Dave Alvin and Johnny Ray Bartel) released "Poor Little Critter on the Road" in 1985. *The Modern Sounds ...* is their first record since, a beautiful amalgamation of LA punk, 50s rock and roll, and traditional American music. It will satisfy punk fans, X fans, country fans, whatever. Every member in this group is energized, complimented, and contrasted by the other. The classic binary of tension and adoration between Exene and John Doe is still fresh and evolving here: their voices are full and brash and seem to work exactly how to come together in perfect meetings of harmony and discord, just as they write songs. Dave Alvin is a superb guitarist: slightly similar to Billy Zoom but with more of a penchant for discreet soloing, with lots of rattling moments of

twanginghankytonk, and surf-like reverb. The drums are sometimes rocking and sometimes whispering: the upright bass is rich and percussive. Everything is perfectly balanced: sincere and simple, fervent and humble.

The songs are a pleasing mixed bag of originals, X classics, and select covers of country and traditional material. The re-recordings of "in this house that I call home" and "burning house of love" are outstandingly good. John Doe's "Try Anymore (Why Don't We Even)" evokes perfectly the spirit of a song like "When Our Love Passed Out on the Couch," but in a slower, waiting shuffle. Alvin's "Dry River" is a telling analogy of heartbreak in the context of the LA that existed before the prevalence of scripts and silicone. The traditional material present on this album is very strong, from the lovely "Give Me My Flowers While I'm Living" to the strange beauty of the ballad "Little Margaret". The country and bluegrass covers are reverently astute, from Bill Anderson's "I'll go down swinging" to the overwhelming, almost violent loneliness of Albert E. Brumley's "Rank stranger." Lastly, there is a tribute to Steppenwolf's "born to be wild" which, though odd, still rocks.

Jon Fleming

Propagandi
Potemkin City Limits
G7 Welcoming Committee
(Canada)

Propagandi has served up another soundtrack for your rebellion. Sticking to their tried and true progressive-thrash-meets-progressive-activism formula, the Winnipeg trio's latest offering won't surprise you so much as renew your vigour for making the world a better place (if you're down with their politics). For Propagandi, that better place would be a world minus the sexism, war, racism, and economic inequality we're mired in, as Potemkin City Limits conspicuously reminds us. From songs about colonial oppression ("Bringer of Greater Things"), the mainstreaming of punk ("Rock for Sustainable Capitalism"), and war in the Middle East ("Name and Address Withheld"), to the liner notes directing readers to a batch of indie news sites, Potemkin City Limits' anger is firmly rooted in the present tense. I'm still more of a sucker for the poetical stylings of the band's

John K. Sampson (1993's *How to Clean Everything* and 1996's *Less Talk More Rock*) era, but I'd say this album nicely fits the band's mandate of "thrashing the planet into humane submission."

Alison B

Neil Young
Prairie Wind
(Reprise)

Let me set the record straight: I am a huge Neil Young fan. In the years since I discovered his music, he has done more for my soul than most other artists. I don't have nearly enough space to put into words just how important he is, to me personally, and to the rock genre in general. This is why I make me particularly upset to listen to *Prairie Wind*, his latest record. To me, it's the sound of Neil resting on his laurels. I could be hearing wrong, but I just can't detect the passion to which I'm so accustomed. I think to myself, "Who the hell am I to criticize Neil Young?" He has given me so much, and here I am, backsliding. But I can't help it. I'm just disappointed and heartbroken that I don't hear something even remotely vital on this new album. I can't start using the excuse that it's all relative, that when artists get older, they lose their mojo, and that should be taken into consideration. Fuck that. Look at Bob Dylan: his last two albums were brilliant, arguably better than most of his 80s output. Look at Johnny Cash: you want to talk about a renaissance? But that's Dylan, you say. That's the Man In Black, you say. I would not hesitate for a moment in placing Neil Young in the same category as those two. Listen to *Tonight's the Night*, or *On the Beach*, or even *Harvest Moon* (the latter being the supposed predecessor in theme to *Prairie Wind*), and tell me that this is still a good album. More than that, tell me he isn't capable of so much better. I believe he is, and always will be able to make great music. I'll put *Prairie Wind* away, perhaps to collect dust, but I know that its place in my CD player will someday soon be taken by a new red-blooded, introspective, fiery, Neil Young record—just the way I like 'em.

Robert Ferdman

Cuff the Duke
Old Soul
October 19
Lamplighter

The Lamplighter used to be the ultimate Gastown flop bar, the default place you'd reluctantly shuffle to when you realized the lineup at the Cambie was too long. Thanks to some savvy promotions and a string of solid acts over the last few years, those days are gone: The Lamplighter is emerging from its cocoon, only to find itself a beautiful, beer-soaked butterfly. When I walked in the doors Toronto's **Old Soul** was in full swing, treating the crowd to what lead singer Luca Maaloni described as "The Glen Miller Band for the 21st Century". The small stage was packed to capacity with drunken mariachi troubadours from the heartland of Ontario, alternately doing shots of tequila and playing their own debauched soundtrack. In addition to the standard rock ensemble, the Old Souliders boasted some earnest saxophone and trumpet blowing, nicely complemented by a be-toqued gentleman on xylophone who looked like the guy from the hockey 8-movie classic *Slap Shot*. This was party music played with abandon, loaded with premonitions of the next morning's hangover. Despite the fact that it was Wednesday, the crowd seemed more than willing to indulge.

After the opening set I had a chance to have a brief chat with Maaloni outside the bar. He was eager to assure me that he had no pretensions, and little desire to make "deep" music. After a brief dissertation on the ways in which panhandling violates conversational etiquette, the old soul extolled the virtues of the simpler things in life, such as drinking beer and hanging out with one's girlfriend. He praised his pals in **Cuff the Duke**, but, with a conspiratorial gleam in his eye, straightened out all the ballyhoo about their blue-collar aesthetic.

When Cuff the Duke took the stage any contention over the colour of their collars was quickly settled: they took distinctly like the guys I would have gone to youth group with if I had actually gone to youth group at my parent's request. From the opening piano lines of "No Sleep, No Head", class consciousness became instantly irrelevant, and the room was enveloped in the all-accepting embrace of warm Canadiana. In between flaunting his excellent vocal register and teasing some down home country twang out of his guitar, lead singer Wayne Pettit actually executed a farmer's plow in front of the audience. We're talking visible mucus flying across the stage

in a sublimely beautiful arc of distilled Canadian essence.

Compared to last year's straightforward appearance with **Hayden** at the Vogue Theatre, the band seemed far more at home in the beery environs of The Lamplighter. Their alt-country elements have been toned down slightly, incorporating more roasty blues tones and even disguising some sinister menace beneath their perky veneer. Songs like "The Future Hangs" sounded excellent in a live setting, as the infectious harmonica set the whole room to swaying and toe-tapping. The set ended with the droning, spaced-out guitars of "It's Over", displaying the impressive range of genres and moods covered on their latest self-titled release. From this point on things started to get pretty silly, as their antiscocial friends in Old Soul bumrushed the stage to help out with the first encore number, "Antiscocial". The stage was too small to accommodate everyone, so a couple trumpets and a saxophone were posted on various bars around the room. A wandering jam ensued, dubiously titled "The Mexican Wrestling Anthem". The music devolved into Barney Stone booze anthems, capped off with some unfortunate band-led chanting of "Cuff...the...Duke!" But I couldn't really hold it against them—they were clearly having a blast and I couldn't begrudge them their good time.

David Ravensbergen

Atmosphere
P.O.S.
Blueprint
November 06
Commodore Ballroom

I have been an **Atmosphere** fan since my days in Minnesota, when a buddy left a copy of the *Lucy Ford* EPs at my house. I had to see them at least once in my life, so I popped down to the sold-out Commodore with no ticket. Sure enough, as soon as I got there I overheard someone talking about his extra ticket, and I took it off him for cheap.

Rhymesayer **P.O.S.** opened up the show talking 'sht about **George W. Bush**, which got some loud cheers, but his set didn't get quite the same response. He was condescending and seemed bitter at the fact that none of his songs could elicit the same enthusiasm that his anti-Bush sentiment could.

Blueprint came next, and his songs ranged from stupid to red hot. He played the **RJ02**-produced "Final Frontier," which was great.

Throughout the openers, the illi-white crowd of nicely manicured college kids pelted in anticipation for Slug, so much that **Blueprint** had to tell them to be patient for his set to finish.

The Magic Numbers
The Parallels
November 06
Richard's on Richards

The Magic Numbers' sixth show in their first official trek around North America proved that six is the magic number, not three.

But first: the Parallels. Surprisingly, the sight of an organ on stage did not indicate another post-wave dance outfit. Instead, the local openers played short and sweet retro nuggets that were part rockabilly, part surf rock, and part 60s Brit rock. The quartet kept up the energy and all three guitarists took turns frantically sing-shouting.

As for the Magic Numbers—well, if you wanted a love-in, you came to the right place. The UK band seemed genuinely surprised at the huge warm welcome they got, prompting lead singer Romeo Stodart to comment on how this was by far the best of the tour and that "We're definitely coming back to Vancouver!" The band was all smiles and a great mood was set for the whole night, kicking off with "The Mule". Playing tunes from their self-titled debut album, The Magic Numbers could have been playing on a pile of dirt and

no one would notice because all the songs are attention-grabbers live. So there was no need for light spectacles, flashy outfits, or a posse of Harajuku girls. It was just two pairs of siblings doing their thing.

Angela Gannon and Michele Stodart's high, raspy voices mesh well with Romeo Stodart's warm tenor. Their doo-wop harmonies in "Mornings Eleven" were spot-on and they showed that they're definitely experts in West Coast harmonies and country crooning. Angela also showed off her melodic playing skills. "Hymn for Her" was the show-stopper and a multi-tasking one at that. First, it started as a country ballad, morphed into a lullaby with Michele and Angela on xylophone, and ultimately led to a **Coldplay**-esque power ballad. The surprise of the night was their slow acoustic encore of "Crazy in Love" [sans **Jay-Z**] where Romeo encouraged some "shakin'".

The band didn't want to stop playing, but they ended things off with "The Beard", a stompin' country hoe-down tune; the energy was so loud and fast, that these hands hurt from manically clapping along. And so [the band] began the start of a beautiful friendship.

Emily Khong

Gwen Stefani
M.I.A.
November 20
GM Place

"I just wanted to make a stupid dance record." I'm sure there are more than a handful of readers that would agree with **Gwen Stefani**'s summation of her solo record, *Love. Angel. Music. Baby*. But, if the packed house at the Garage on November 20th was any indication, there's a lot more punch crammed into Mrs. Rossdale's first effort, *Sans No Doubt*, than your typical "stupid dance record." The level of adoration for the bleached

blonde bombshell was evident in everything from crowd response down to the sheer number of young ladies who were copying her fashion sense, thread for thread. And, it was clear that Gwen wasn't intent on making her foray into the world of pop a disappointment.

Critical darling **M.I.A.** had the task of warming the crowd up. And, although her bastard pop sound was probably a little too far into left field for many attendees, she did manage to get a significant number on their feet. For those few (myself, the friend who scored me the ticket, maybe a couple others) who were in attendance when **M.I.A.** tore down the house at the Commodore last month, there were also quite a few changes in her set. These ranged from subtle tricks from **DJ Contra**, who manned the turntables, to opening with a couple of verses from various guest appearances (including, "Bad Man," where **Maya** cameos with **Vybz Kartel** on **Misay**'s latest). I was a little skeptical about whether or not she'd extend the same level of charisma in such a big room, especially to a crowd that wasn't her own. While it wasn't a mind-blowing experience, she certainly held her own, and what more can you ask for from the opening act? At the very least, it wasn't the leg of the tour where the **Black Eyed Peas** opened.

Armed with a harem of dancers, and a stage setup elaborate enough to make **Britney** or **Christina** jealous, Gwen's decade plus of performance experience was on full display. Not surprisingly, the singles received the biggest response, culminating in the almost-loo-predictable encore stomp of the inescapable "Hollaback Girl." But, the album cuts were almost equally well received. Singing (and yes, she sang) in front of a tight backing band, Stefani and co. ended

up making their way through "L.A.M.B." in more or less its entirety. And, aside from one unfortunate wardrobe mishap (a "gangsta" Gwen pseudo Cip walking is just too much), you couldn't have really asked for more from a high-budget pop spectacle.

Quinn Omori

Great Lake Swimmers
November 20th
Lamplighter

The streets of Gastown were eerily vacant, filled with a thick fog made orange by the streetlights. It was, undeniably, the appropriate environment for people to come in from to see **Tony Dekker**, a.k.a. Great Lake Swimmers, play a haunting solo set at the Lamplighter. At a brief in-store performance at Zulu Records earlier in the day, Tony seemed jittery, nervous in front of the ten of us who huddled faithfully next to stacks of used vinyls. He explained how he was "a little on edge" after travelling up the west coast of America. "It's nice to be back on Canadian soil," he said, without further explanation. For anyone in attendance, it was like watching a vase teetering on the mantle.

But under the hood of night, Dekker seemed to have dulled some of that edge, as his performance effortlessly captured the beauty and fragility at the heart of his songs. Playing an even mix of material from his self-titled debut (a record that seems to get better with time) and this year's *Bodies and Minds*, Dekker exorcised his demons.

A hush fell over an audience that hadn't paid much attention to excellent openers **Jonathan Inc.**, and a select few crouched in the darkness at the front, gazing up in awe at Dekker, who stood on stage like a lonesome wanderer, vaguely staring out into the audience.

Always soft-spoken, he



Real Live Action

Quinn Omori Photo

said, "This song is about manic depression," before strumming his way into "Various Stages". After a few nervous chuckles from the audience, Dekker replied, "It's funny but true," and carried on. Like this statement, with much of his music, the audience never seemed sure how to react, where to clap, whether to cheer, or whether to simply sit in silence and watch. But everyone in the room realised that they were in the presence of someone truly special, and that the songs they were witnessing were as startlingly honest as the way he introduced them. After the show, people stumbled out into the haze that awaited them, and most of us stood around for a few minutes, wondering where to go next.

Mike LaPointe

Stars
Bontempi
Thurston Revival
November 21
Commodore Ballroom

Is it the internet? Is it the fact that the music press has crowned Montreal the "new Seattle?" Or, is there some other explanation for the packed house at the Commodore, gleefully singing along to *Self Yourself* on Fire, the title track from **Stars'** latest long player? The band themselves may or may not know the reasons why people have finally awoken to their soaring brand

of clever pop, but they were certainly grateful, either way.

After thanking the crowd on one of the numerous occasions, lead singer Torquil Campbell, a transplanted Vancouverite, noted "It's a lot nicer playing for a thousand people than for fifteen." It certainly showed.

The **Thurston Revival** drew first blood for the evening, and are a hard band to peg. Lots of keyboards, with a slightly gothic sort of aura, but with a clear love of 50's rock n' roll. Definite potential, so keep an eye out for them, but they have a ways to go before they blow me away.

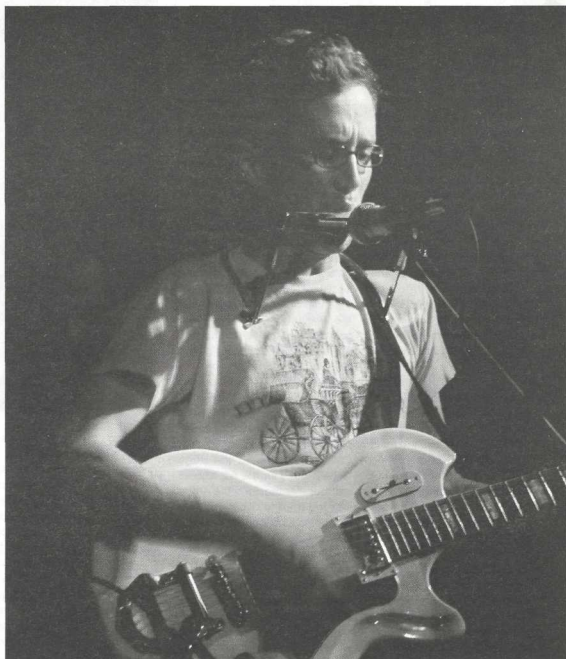
Bontempi played second. Think **Tegan and Sara** with one less guitar, and more keys. Lead singer Carla Gillis' riffage was also vaguely reminiscent of **Sleater-Kinney's** Carrie Brownstein when she turned up the rock, which may explain why their uptempo numbers were so much more engaging than the slower songs. Again, they're a band to look out for, as they seem capable of some pretty great tunes.

If the members of **Stars** were alone in any other band, you might knock them for upstaging, but throw them together, and it's a dynamic spectacle. Bassist Evan Cranley was all axe swinging glory, while Tori bounded around the stage, flanked by Amy Millan, who seemed to emote every word that beautifully left her mouth.

Only keyboardist Chris Seligman was content to stay fairly still with his instrument, as even drummer Pat McGee got into the act by moving from behind his kit to crowd surf. It wasn't all style over substance, however. Not even close.

Stars drew from their entire catalogue, reaching all the way back to *Nightsongs* for three numbers, but pulling mostly from *Heart* and *Self Yourself* on Fire. The band was tight, but the live treatments of the songs also had enough character to set them apart from the recorded versions. They also seemed to draw off the crowd, who enthusiastically sang along to almost everything the band threw at them (and were, happily, mostly in tune), and received some help from locals **The Organ**, on a significantly more cloying sounding version of "The First Five Times." By evening's end, Stars had crammed in more pop, grandeur, and romanticism into one night than most bands could muster in a career. But, if for some reason, you were immune, the closer, "Tonight!"—all plaintive and gentle, with a stripped-down version of the band's lineup—was enough to melt the iciest of hearts.

Quinn Omari



Cuff the Duke, Kim Day Photo

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CiTR (year end) Charts!

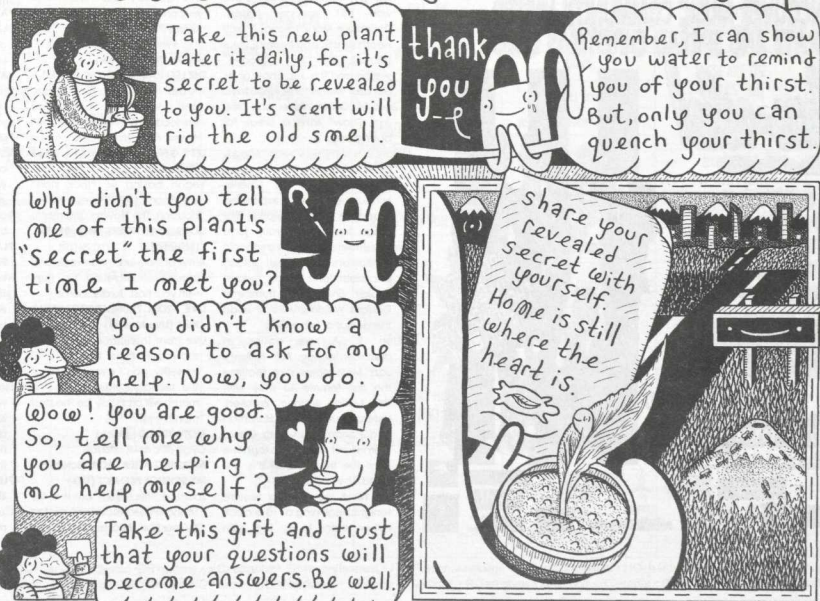
#	ARTIST	Title	Label
1	The Diskettes*	Weeknights at Island View Beach	Blocks
2	Black Mountain*	S/T	Secretly Canadian
3	Pony Upl*	S/T	Dim Mak
4	Cadeaux*	S/T	Sound Document
5	Russian Futurists*	Our Thickness	Upper Class
6	Piano*	Brigadoon	Mint
7	Bontempi*	What Keeps Us Awake	Independent
8	The High Dials*	War of the Wakening Phantoms	Rainbow Quartz
9	Elevator*	August	Blue Fog
10	New Pornographers*	Twin Cinema	Mint
11	V/A*	Vancouver Complication (re-issue)	Sudden Death
12	Canned Hamm*	Erotic Thriller	Pro Am
13	Raised By Wolves*	Hot Blood	Stomp and Howl
14	Destroyer*	Notorious Lightning and Other Works	Merge
15	M.I.A.	Arular	XL
16	MB3	Before the Dawn Heals Us	Mute
17	You Say Party! We Say Die!	Hit the Floor	Sound Document
18	V/A*	90.9 With a Bullet: 20 years of Calgary music on CJ5W	Saved By Radio
19	LCD Soundsystem	S/T	DFA
20	Hexstatic	Master View	Ninja Tune
21	Buck 65*	Secret House Against the World	Warner
22	The Most Serene Republic*	Underwater Cinematographer	Arts & Crafts
23	Kinski	Alpine Static	Sub Pop
24	Gossip/Tracy and the Plastics	Split EP	Dim Mak
25	Sufjan Stevens	Illinois	Asthmatic Kilty
26	The Book of Lists*	Red Arrows	Global Symphonic

This is a year-end compilation of CiTR's monthly charts and reflects what has been spun on the air for the previous year. Rekkids with stars mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em there give the Muzak Coordinator a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to grill 'em. To find out other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

#	ARTIST	Title	Label
27	Immaculate Machine*	Ones and Zeros	Mint
28	Sparrow*	The Early Years	Absolutely Kosher
29	The London Apartments*	Romanticism Aside	Sound of Pop
30	Whitey Houston*	S/T	Rectangle
31	Constantines*	Tournament of Hearts	Three Gut
32	Jennifer Gentle	Valende	Sub Pop
33	Soso	Tenth Street and Clarence	Clothes Horse
34	Sigur Ros	Taok	Geffen
35	Dandi Wind*	Bait the Traps	Bongo Beat
36	Falconhawk*	Here's Your Ghost	Saved By Radio
37	Novillero*	Aim Right for the Holes in Their Lives	Mint
38	Chixdiggit!	Pink Razor	Fat
39	Winks/Tights*	Split EP	Drip Audio
40	Real Mackenzies	10 000 Shots	Fat
41	Buttersprites	S/T	Dionysus
42	Montag*	Alone, Not Alone	Carpark
43	Connecticut*	Moss	Dehausset
44	Parallels*	1961 McLean	Upstart Hi-Fi
45	Kid Koala*	Live From the Short Attention Span...	Ninja Tune
46	Callow*	Kiss the World	Boomp
47	Paul Anka*	Rock Swings	Verve
48	Bloc Party	Silent Alarm	Vice
49	The Floor*	Personnel	Nimswicm
50	Negativland	No Business	Seeland

finding joy

by Luke Ramsey — p



CiTR 101.9fm Program Guide

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world. <www.africanrhythmsradio.com>

AFROBEAT (World)

In two hours, I take the listener for a spin—musically—around the world; my passion is African music and music from the Diaspora. Afrobeat is where you can catch up on the latest in the "World Music" scene and reminisce on the classic collections. Don't miss it. <myafrobeat@yahoo.com>

ALT. RADIO (Pop)

Hosted by David B.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Electric)

First Wednesday of every month. ANOIZE (Noise)

Luke Mead imitates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (Electric)

All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

AURAL TENTACLES (Electric)

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop)

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots) Real cowshit-caught-in-her-boots country.

BLUE MONDAY (Goth/Industrial)

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtop to, hosted by Coreen.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Electric)

Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight!

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)

THE CANADIAN WAY (Electric) Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montreal! <thecanadianway@popstar.com>

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop)

British pop music from all decades.

CODE BLUE (Roots)

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

ELECTRONIC SPECTRUM (Dance)

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French) «En Avant la musique!» se concentre sur le mélange des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Electric)

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental) Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)

Up the punx, down the email! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo, flexyourhead. <www.vancouverhardcore.com>

FOKK OASIS (Rock)

Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Bikenstock? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A

kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

<folks@ci-tr.ca>

GENERATION ANNIHILATION (Punk)

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

www.streetpunkradio.com

CRASH BURRADIO (Hans Kloss)

This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

HIGHBRED VOICES (World)

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Electric) IN THE SHADOWS (Hip Hop) THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)

Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave, Gavin Walker. Features at 11:00, as listed.

Dec. 5: Tonight one of the best musicians that England ever produced and with one of his best bands: Tenor saxophonist/flutist/composer Tubby Hayes and his great album "Mexican Green".

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Jan. 9: A rare edition of drummer/leader Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers that features the first female to play with this band: Joanne Brakeman. Veteran trumpeter Bill Hardman and Panamanian born Carlos Garnet of tenor saxophone form the front line of this fine band. They smoke!

Jan. 16: A very special feature tonight beginning at 10 o'clock rather than 11 is the 68th

anniversary of one of the most famous events in jazz history: The Benny Goodman 1938 Carnegie Hall jazz concert. This was the real deal with clarinetist/bandleader Goodman, his trio, quartet, and big band as well as the great jam session with Count Basie, Lester Young and others from the Basie and Ellington orchestras. A major event in jazz history.

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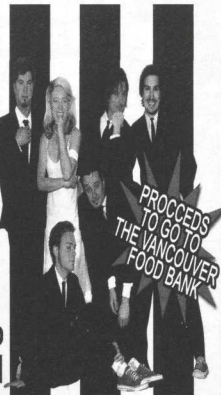
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and various guest performers/ DJs. Bye-bye civilization, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anesthetic, then? <http:// plutonia.org>

POWERCHORD (Metal)

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dvain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

QUEER FM (Talk)

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

REEL TO REAL (Talk)

Movie reviews and criticism.

REGGAE LINKUP (Reggae)

Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by sister B.

RHYMES AND REASONS (Hip Hop)

DJ Knowone slaves over hot-multi-track to bring a continuous mix of fresh every week. Made from scratch, samples, and just a few drops of fame. Our tables also have plethora of guest DJs, performers, interviews, giveaways, Strong Bad, and occasional public service announcements. <enowork@yahoo.ca>

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhangras, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)

Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage

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SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

SALARIO MINIMO (World)

The SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8AM-9AM: African/World roots.

9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic)

An exciting chow of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jimungle & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every-week. Keep feelin da beats.

SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE! (Ska)

Email requests to: <djka_1@hotmail.com>

SOLARIZATION (Talk)

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)

SWEET AND HOT
Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes the underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal

<banistynine@hotmail.com>

THUNDERBIRD RADIO NEWS (Talk)

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media." On H hiatus

'18 September 7th and 9th.

TRANSCENDANCE (Dance)

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

<trancedance@hotmail.com>

UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)

All the classical music you don't hear on mainstream radio! A variety of innovative and interesting works from the 20th and 21st centuries, with an occasional neglected masterpiece from earlier eras.

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (Goth/Industrial/Metal)

Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul.

Hosted by Drake.

<thevampiresball@yahoo.ca>

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)

All the best of the world of punk rock has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn. Hosted by Trevor.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic)

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy.

Hosted by a closet nerd.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

WIGFLUX RADIO (Reggae)

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

W.I.N.G.S (Talk)

Womens International News Gathering Service

WORLD HEAT (World)

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Dary-an, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>



Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday

6 ^{am}							6 ^{am}
7	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN' (RT)	BBC	BBC	BBC	7
8	TANA RADIO (WO)	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (EC)	HIGHBRED VOICES (WO)	SUBURBAN JUNGLE (EC)	END OF THE WORLD NEWS (EC)	BBC	8
9	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (EC)		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (RR)	FILL-IN	SWEET 'N' HOT (EC)	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (SK)	9
10		LOOKS AND TIGERS AND BEARS (EC)	MORNING AFTER SHOW (EC)	ANOIZE (NO)	FILL-IN		10
11		ALT. RADIO (PO)		FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN (EC)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)	11
12 ^{am}	ROCKERS SHOW (RG)	PARTS UNKNOWN (PO)	FILL-IN	DEMOCRACY NOW (TK)	NEW COMIC BOOK SHOW (TK)	RADIO ZERO (EC)	12 ^{am}
1	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (RT)	AFROBEAT (WO)	LET'S GET BAKED (EC)	RUMBLETONE RADIO (RR)	MOTORDADDY (RR)	RHYMES & REASONS (HH)	1
2			NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (TK)	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (FR)	FILL-IN	SEEK TO REAL (TK)	2
3	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (PO)	SAINT TROPEZ (PO)	CITY NEWS (TK)	WENER'S BBQ (SP)	NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	AND SOMETIMES WHY (PO/EC)	3
4	QUEER FM (TK)	SON OF NITE DREAMS (EC)	UNCOMMON PRACTICE (CL)	FLEX YOUR HEAD (HC)	BLUE MONDAY (G)	JUICEBOX (TK)	4
5		WIGFLUX RADIO (RG)		SALARIO MINIMO (WO)	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (HH)	CAUGHT IN THE RED (RR)	5
6	RHYTHMSINDIA (WO)	THE JAZZ SHOW (JZ)		FOLK OASIS (RT)	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (HK)		6
7	TRANSCENDANCE (DC)	VENGEANCE IS MINE! (PU)		LAUGH TRACKS (TK)			7
8							8
9	BBC	BBC	AURAL TENTACLES (EC)				9
10							10
11							11
12 ^{am}							12 ^{am}
1							1
2							2
3							3
4							4
5							5
6							6

CL=classical • DC=dance/electronic • DR=drama • EC=eclectic • EX=experimental • FR=French language • GI=goth/industrial • HC=hardcore • HH=hiphop • HK=Hans Kloss • JZ=jazz
LM=live music • LO=lounge • MT=metal • NO=noise • NW=Nardwuar • PO=pop • PU=punk • RG=reggae • RR=rock • RT=roots • SK=ska • SP=sports • TK=talk • WO=world

Zulu Staff Picks of 2005

A recapitulation of our favourite listens of 2005!
All titles **10% OFF** until January 31st 2006

BRADY

- Amerie – 1 Thing
- **Black Mountain** – s/t
- Christopher Bissnette – Periphery
- Jason Forrest – Shamelessly Exciting
- Konono No. 1 – Congotronics
- LCD Soundsystem – s/t
- Stephan Mathieu – The Sad Mac
- M.I.A. – Arular
- Shipping News – Flies the Fields
- Various – World Psychedelic Classics 3: Love's a Real Thing



ERIN S

- Marianne Faithfull – Before the Poison
- The Fall – Fall Heads Roll
- Lightning Bolt – Hypermagic Mountain
- Gang Gang Dance – God's Money
- **Devendra Banhart – Cripple Crow**
- Sunn O))) – Black One
- Angels of Light – The Angels of Light Sing 'Other People'
- Elevator – August
- Wooden Wand and the Vanishing Voice – Buck Dharma
- Dungen – Dungen:1999-2001



JULIE

- Black Mountain – s/t
- **Of Montreal – The Sunlandic Twins**
- Bloc Party – Silent Alarm
- Maximo Park – A Certain Trigger
- Gang Gang Dance – God's Money
- Scout Niblett – Kidnapped By Neptune
- The Duke Spirit – Cuts Across the Land
- Oneida – The Wedding
- The Fall – Fall Heads Roll



NICOLAS

- The Clientele – Strange Geometry
- Micah P. Hinson and the Gospel of Progress – s/t
- **Spoon – Gimme Fiction**
- Archer Prewitt – Wilderness
- Cass McCombs – Preflection
- Low – The Great Destroyer
- The National – Alligator
- Nick Cave and Warren Ellis – The Proposition
- Colleen – The Golden Morning Breaks
- The Book of Lists – Red Arrows



DAN

- Bonnie "Prince" Billy and Matt Sweeney – Superwolf
- 00100 – Gold and Green
- Gogogo Airheart – Rats! Sing! Sing!
- Black Mountain – s/t
- Delia Gonzales and Gavin Russom – Days of Mars
- **Antony and the Johnsons – I am a Bird Now**
- The Fall – Fall Heads Roll
- Bob Dylan – No Direction Home O.S.T.
- Martha Wainwright – Martha Wainwright
- The Fiery Furnaces – EP



JASON

- Coachwhips – Peanut Butter and Jelly Live at the Ginger Minge
- Six Organs of Admittance – School of the Flower
- The Fall – Fall Heads Roll
- Le Volume Courbe – I Killed My Best Friend
- **Silver Jews – Tanglewood Numbers**
- Blood on the Wall – Awesomer
- Bonnie "Prince" Billy and Matt Sweeney – Superwolf
- Oneida – The Wedding
- The Howling Hex – You Can't Beat Tomorrow
- Black Lips – Let It Bloom



MALCOLM

- Wolf Parade – Apologies to the Queen Mary
- Black Mountain – s/t
- M.I.A. – Arular
- Of Montreal – The Sunlandic Twins
- **Clap Your Hands Say Yeah – s/t**
- Animal Collective – Feels
- Broken Social Scene – s/t
- Antony and the Johnsons – I am a Bird Now
- Caribou – The Milk of Human Kindness
- Bloc Party – Silent Alarm



MARK

- Acid Mothers Temple & Cosmic Inferno – Anthem of the Space
- **Acid Mothers Temple & Cosmic Inferno – IAO Chant from the Cosmic Inferno**
- Boredoms – Sadrump/House of Sun
- Boris – Feedbacker
- Oneida – The Wedding
- The Fall – Fall Heads Roll
- Jonathan Kane – February
- Elevator – August
- Bob Dylan – No Direction Home
- Th Faith Healers – Peel Sessions



ERIN B

- Spoon – Gimme Fiction
- Chad VanGaalen – Infinitheart
- The Dirty Three – Cinder
- Sarah Harmer – I'm a Mountain
- Weird War – Illuminated by the Light
- **Sleater Kinney – The Woods**
- The Ex-Models – Chrome Panther
- K'Naan – The Dusty Foot Philosopher
- Crooked Fingers – Dignity or Shame
- Deerhoof – The Runner's Fours



JOSH

- Gang Gang Dance – Gods Money
- Double Leopards – Out of One, Through One, and to One
- Wooden Wand and the Vanishing Voice – Buck Dharma
- Quasimoto – The Further Adventures of Lord Quas
- Sunn O))) – Black 1
- Excopter – Throne
- M.I.A. – Arular
- Khanate – Capture/Release
- Aaron Dilloway – Beggar Master/Prayer Flush
- Islaja – Palaa Aurinko



ALL LISTS IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER

Attention All Zulu Customers: Hunger Knows No Boundaries

This holiday season we are encouraging everyone to support the Vancouver Food Bank in their dedication to providing food and related assistance to those in need. You can help! Just drop off any non-perishable items you can spare here at Zulu and we will transport all donations to the Food Bank on Jan. 11th 2006.

Note: the Food Bank's most needed items are: Canned Meats, Soups & Stews, Canned Fish & Meat, Pasta, Pasta Sauce & Rice, Canned Beans, Fruits & Vegetables, and Baby Formula & Diapers.

All donors will be given a coupon valid for 10% off any purchase in the month of January 2006

IT'S ART SHOW SEASON!

THE GOOD SHEPARD

Paintings by

Carey Mercer of Frog Eyes

up until December 30th



Zulu Records

1972-1976 W 4th Ave
Vancouver, BC

tel 604.738.3232

www.zulurecords.com

STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30 – 7:00

Thurs and Fri 10:30 – 9:00

Sat 9:30 – 6:30

Sun 12:00 – 6:00

Holiday Hours!

Another Late Night at Zulu. Extended Holiday Shopping Madness!

Thursday Dec 15
to Friday Dec 23
OPEN til 9PM

Saturday Dec 24
9:30 - 6PM

Sunday Dec 25
CLOSED

Monday Dec 26
Boxing Day
9AM-6PM

Tuesday Dec 27
regular hours
resume